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Fortnightly

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1954.
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THE TWO CAREERS
OF
MOIRA SHEARER

Since *The Red Shoes*, Moira Shearer has made a reputation as an actress as well as a dancer, and it is Moira Shearer the actress who is to play Titania opposite Robert Helpmann's Oberon in the Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that opens in the second week of the Edinburgh Festival, and will afterwards travel to the U.S.A. In the third week of the Festival, however, Miss Shearer the dancer may be seen in the mornings, again with Mr. Helpmann, in Stravinsky's *The Soldier's Tale*. Meanwhile, the London Film Production's *The Man Who Loved Redheads*, in which Miss Shearer plays four different characters, will shortly have its *première* in London. Finally, to make the family theatrical record complete, let us add that her husband's play, *Murder Story*, an indictment of capital publishment, recently had its West End *première* at the Cambridge Theatre.

SERENADE TO SUMMER: We reproduce this picture by Miss K. M. Scale, in part as a reminder to Summer of what is expected of her, in part in memory of Summers past and hope of those to come

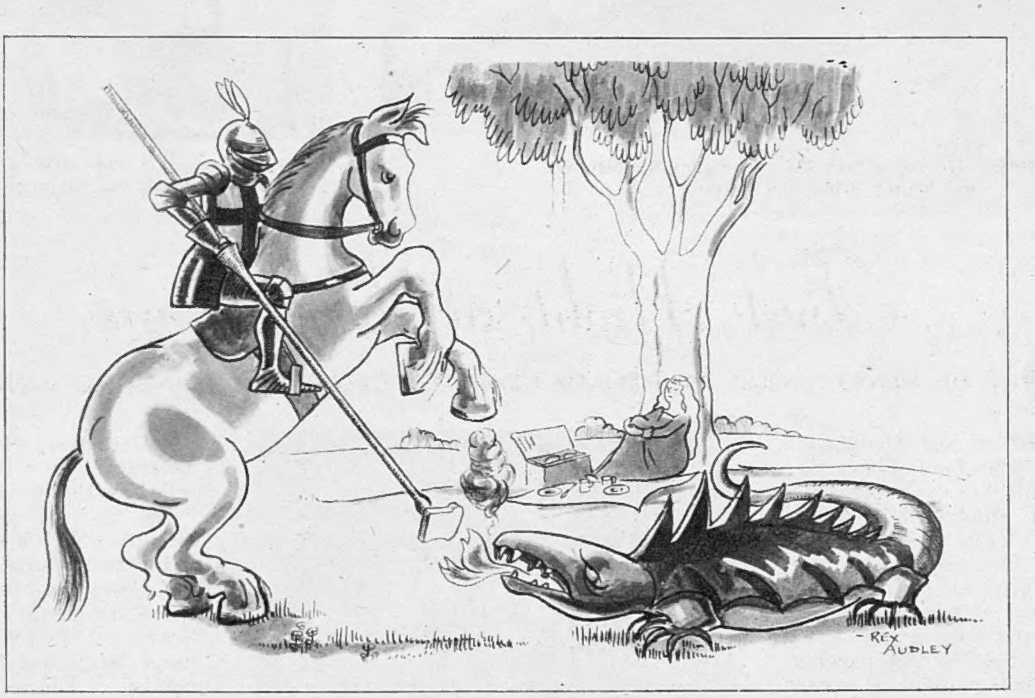
Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

ALAS and alack! The fabric of civilisation is getting sadly moth-eaten at the edges. I am not referring to the misgivings of Charles Waterhouse and some other friends of mine over Suez and other eclipses of the sun with regard to the "Empire on which the sun never sets." I am thinking more of the minor changes—the final disappearance of the last great Parisian restaurants and now the collapse, after a long and slow penultimate stage, of the Embassy as a Club. I suppose that during the 'twenties and early 'thirties, the Embassy was the smartest—by a distance—place in London. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, had habitually the table on the immediate left of the door as you came in. Luigi, certainly the greatest *maître de restaurant* of my time, presided over all. From Tuesdays to Thursdays he always, and with consummate skill, seemed to find the right places for the "right people." It had nothing to do with the guests' position either in *Who's Who* or the *Almanach de Gotha*. It certainly had nothing to do with your personal wealth. Luigi had the supreme restaurateur's art of making his own Who's Who. Moreover, he imposed his rules on you without your realising they *were* rules. In those days (regarded by my father as informal but by my son as absurdly formal)—days when you still wore a silk hat with tails and carried an opera-hat with a dinner jacket—you definitely found yourself explaining to Luigi, in apologetic tones, why you were wearing the latter. That there was any relaxation at all was, I suppose, due to the Duke of Windsor, or the Prince of Wales, as he then was. If we poor males today wear, without thinking about it, a soft shirt with a dinner jacket, that is due to him—and what a "hou-ha" it caused when he first appeared, in what Luigi and the rest of the fashionable world regarded as this outlandish fashion! I suppose, too, that until there is again an adult male heir to the Throne, we shall never see such a leader of fashion as the Duke was. The young readers of this column can have no idea of the influence which he had on the members of my generation. He was "Prince Charming"—and if his was the glass of fashion, then our forms were moulded to it. Probably the relaxations in formality of the 'twenties and early 'thirties would have taken place whatever happened. Nevertheless, the Duke of Windsor played much the same sort of rôle as that filled by his grandfather, King Edward VII., who freed our grandfathers from the fetters of Victorianism (Do any of you, as you pull on your cigarettes, my little dears, consider that it was Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, who made this "cad's" habit popular, and who put an end to the unhappy contortions of the distinguished guests at Windsor and Balmoral who had to smoke up the chimney for fear that the all-too-sensitive nostrils of our present Majesty's great-grandmother would be offended?)

THE recent Government changes have sent back Alan Lennox-Boyd to his first love—the Colonies. I could not help being a little amused by Sir Winston's reference, in his farewell letter to Oliver Lyttelton, to the fact that Alfred Lyttelton, his father, had held the same office. Like Oliver, he was a dear, but, unlike him, he really did not know the geography of the then great Colonial Empire which he directed. The late Lord

Lloyd was once travelling down the Red Sea with him. Said H.M. Secretary of State for the Colonies: "When shall we see Aden, George?" Came the rasping reply: "Never, my dear Alfred, if you look for it over *this* side of the ship." Alan, of course, knows his Colonial stuff at first-hand. I have spoken for him in all the last three General Elections. I must record that if he were anyone less charming he would be an intolerable person for whom to "hold a meeting." In his constituency, where he has always had a slender majority (I think his smallest was in the great "landslide" to the Tories of 1931), he is beloved by friend and foe alike. This means that he is so effectively buttonholed that he cannot escape from one meeting in order to be on time for the next. I vividly recall speaking for him in the 1945 Election. At the first meeting I spoke for twenty minutes. I was then relieved by Alan and went on to the next. He got a little behind schedule, so I spoke for half an hour. For the next meeting he was forty minutes late. At the next (and the last of four) I spoke for thirty minutes, forty minutes, fifty minutes, one hour. Finally I could "ad-lib" no longer. Said I: "I am afraid, ladies and gentlemen, I see no signs of your candidate and I don't know about you, but my patience—and my ideas as to what to talk to you about—are both exhausted. If only my friend at the back of the hall who interrupted me so freely at the beginning of this meeting were here, he could have helped us by asking a question." Up popped my little friend (and violent political opponent) and said: "All right, sir! Just to oblige! What about so-and-so?" It gave us the necessary extra ten minutes.



HOW pleasant to go to a party given by your late leading lady! The party in question was that given by Edana Romney as a pre-view of the ball (entitled, a little pixily, "La Vie en Rose"), which is to take place on September 29th in aid of that excellent charity, the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, and at which Monsieur Jacques Fath will put on, so I understand, a mannequin parade. I say "pleasant," as dear Miss Romney, some time before she became the deservedly popular actress that she now is, was the leading lady in an industrial documentary film for which I had the ultimate responsibility. Never, we agreed, had a script been worse ("It stank, my dear!" was Miss Romney's forthright, if not wholly elegant, description), but both Miss Romney and I survived. From her party, where her guests included politicians such as Duncan Sandys and my namesake—and considerable figure in the theatrical world—Bill O'Bryan, whom I had not met before (I had met another old O'Brien chum, though no relation, top trades unionist Tom O'Brien, at the Institute of Directors' celebration of their 10,000th member). On the same day we went on to the delightful fiftieth birthday party of Arthur Christiansen, who has (dare one say miraculously?) been Editor of the *Daily Express* for so many years. "Chris" is so young in looks and in zest, and so gay as a host that one could be forgiven for thinking of him as one first knew him—as a brilliant young editor in his 'thirties. I just do not believe that he is a multiple grandfather.

IN the period under review (as chairmen of companies inevitably and pompously say) I went to the lunch given at Claridge's by the British School of Motoring (to celebrate something: I can't remember what, but the speeches were as short as the lunch was excellent) and to the A.A. lunch at the Savoy. There one could not help reflecting what a brilliant political speaker the Duke of Edinburgh would make if he were allowed to discuss politics, and what a witty speaker, on or off politics, my friend Bill Deedes, M.P. for Ashford, is on all occasions.

I also went to Speech Day at Stowe. (Would it be a cad's trick to reveal that a certain young member of the lunch party was by no means sorry when the car—on the way back from lunch—showed signs of breaking down half-an-hour before the speeches?) In point of fact, we should have missed an excellent speech by Lord Wimborne, Chairman of the Governors (though I always find it difficult to put out of my mind all the naughty little rhymes about the Guests on which one was brought up), and a wholly first-class tribute—admirably done on a most difficult occasion—to the late headmaster, the great J. F. Roxburgh, by Noel Annan, now a Cambridge Don.

Noel Annan is a Kingsman, and I have received from a fellow-Kingsman a pleasing report of the recent farewell dinner given at King's College, Cambridge, to the retiring Provost, Sir John Sheppard. Because Sir John has held this office for over twenty years, there are many generations of Kingsmen to whom he is simply "the Provost"—one of the first non-Etonians (he is an Alleynian) to preside over the senior of King Henry VI.'s two foundations. The dinner to Sir John, organised by Peter Clarke of *The Times*, was given by a group of Kingsmen who had been undergraduates in the early years of his Provostship, ranging from Lord Caldecott to Mr. Behrens, the atomic scientist. It took place in the Audit Room, now decorated entirely with pictures by Roger Fry, a former Fellow of the College, presented by the Bursar the late Lord Keynes. Someone drew Sir John's attention to the fact that his visitor's book contained the signature of Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, and there sure enough it was, inscribed (as "Sarah Belge") at a time when this exquisite lady had visited the College as the wife of a Turkish Foreign Office official. I remember this visit very vividly, as the Turkish delegation was under my wing. Poor Burhan Belge, her then husband! The wives of all the other members of the delegation were, alas, of a type which made one regret Kemal Ataturk's insistence on the unveiling of Turkish women. The gorgeous young Madame Belge took the attention of every photographer and every journalist. It was not appreciated in the distinguished delegation—a fact which, so I am told, was not totally unconnected with my dear friend Burhan's disappearance from the Turkish Foreign Office almost immediately after his return.

I AM glad that my spy at the King's dinner was able to report a suitable decorum at the end of a delightfully convivial occasion. One of the few good Cambridge stories (if an Oxonian may be permitted to patronise the "other place"—in the strictly non-theological sense of the word) is that of the Trinity don who had dined not only very wisely but far too well. This academic figure stumbled round and round the only tree in the quad (I believe they call it "court"?) Finally, collapsing at the foot, he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears, sobbing: "Losht! Losht in an impenetrable foresht!"

The Overnight Queue, armed for the vigil with blankets and brown bread and butter.

Rehearsal. The Hall is empty, the orchestra informal, the conductor wears a blue suit.

First Night at the Proms

THE SIR HENRY WOOD PROMENADE CONCERTS CELEBRATE A DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE first performance of the Diamond Jubilee series of Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall was on Saturday, July 24th, when Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted the musical Irish Stew that is traditional for a Prom first night.

On Friday the queueing began. Promenaders do not really promenade; they stand jam-packed against each other and against the rail that divides performers from *plebs*, and—for the first night at least—they have to queue for hours to do so. Some of that Saturday's promenaders lay all night on Friday on blankets outside the Royal Albert Hall; a policeman brought them coffee, "and a man who said he'd been locked out of his flat promised to take us to breakfast, but he never came back."

Tousled and high-spirited, one group of all-night queuers were very ready to be interviewed on Saturday morning. "We're fanatics, you see," said a brown-haired bobby-soxer; "We'd come every night if we could afford it."

"How do you pass the time?" I said.

"Jim plays the flute, and we all sing."

To her right a boy blew a squeaker; another retied the string of his balloon. A blonde with a fringe said to me: "Don't forget to put in something about Walthamstow High School!" and, in the general identification that followed, a boy and a girl, strangers up to then, discovered that they both came from Gloucestershire. It is not often that *The Sketch* gets a chance to bring two young people together, and a tender mist clouded my eyes as I moved on.

There, propped up primly against a pillar, were Maureen Perks, a secretary, Robert Meier, a micro-analyst, and Don Jennings, who is engaged in the production of isotopes at Harwell. Mr. Jennings was reading a book

B.B.C. Technicians watch the score and their instrument panels.

on the *Principles of Electroplating*, and smoked a pipe. "I'm here," he said, "to show that a love of music isn't confined to the long-haired sort," and blew out a cloud of smoke in a determined way. I asked Miss Perks how long she'd been queueing. "Well, only since nine-fifteen," she said regretfully: "It's in the tradition, you know. A Prom isn't a Prom unless you queue. I *have* sat, but I didn't enjoy it."

Inside, the orchestra was rehearsing the Prokofiev piano concerto; it was curious to see them, wearing mufti, some with their coats off, playing to the empty hall, while above, almost rubbing shoulders with a bust of Sir Henry, a T.V. cameraman rehearsed *his* part for the evening. Sir Malcolm wore a blue suit and chuckled and talked with the orchestra as he conducted. "No, no," he said. "It's *dee*-dum, not dum-di. Watch that."

In the evening I saw Sir Malcolm again, nut-brown and nervous in the ante-room below the stage. This is his eighth Summer Season of Proms, and I remarked that it must be pleasant not to have first-night nerves. "I have," he said, "but it doesn't show." He hung up his coat. Carefully he selected a thin white baton from a box offered to him. "Ventilation doesn't seem to be working," he said. A bell rang, and the orchestra began to file through the narrow opening to the stage through the ranks of B.B.C. officials who had gathered, with tight nervous smiles, to watch them.

Already the promenaders in the Hall had begun to throw their streamers, and there were shouts of "We want Malcolm!" Someone began to sing *Why Are We Waiting?* but it was a thin endeavour, and died away of itself. Then Sir Malcolm appeared and the applause began.

THERE is a curious feeling at the Proms of audience participation. It is not so much that a symphony orchestra is giving a concert to people in a hall—No; orchestra, people and place combine together to make something that has its own existence, and it is this, it seems to me, that the B.B.C. tries to transmit on these evenings to homes all over Britain. The now silent packed promenaders, their streamers already littering the banked hydrangeas, are part of it. So are the galleryites, high up, unable to see much, but acoustically the best sited of all the audience, dignified and withdrawn in their

Sir Malcolm Sargent.

Above: The audience in the loggia. *Below:* A general view of the crowded Hall.

Paul Beard, Leader of the orchestra, rubs rosin on his bow.

gh seriousness. The B.B.C. technicians e part of it, with their careful technicians' ces brooding over the panels of their struments, or crouched by the searching, umsy noses of their cameras. So are the eople in the loggia. So is the elderly lady the Second Tier, who reads the programme otes throughout the concert, and her mpanion with the masculine hair-cut who atches critically through binoculars.

It was for this reason that I went home hear the second part of the concert by dio. My colleague, Thompson, was in s shirt-sleeves, his mouth full of ham, tening to the Alwyn harp concerto. I id: "Do you know you're part of a tional tradition?" "Shut up," he said, I'm listening," and swallowed half-a-glass milk.

JOHN BOWEN.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Our Bookshelf

EDITH EVANS. By J. C. Trewin. (*Rockliff* ; 12s. 6d.)

A FEW LATE CHRYSANTHEMUMS. By John Betjeman. (*John Murray* ; 9s. 6d.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

A BEAUTIFUL boy and more than common tall, in Watteau-blue doublet and hose, coming into Arden Forest . . . that was when I first fell in love with Edith Evans, how many fathoms deep. Not quite at first sight, for already I remembered her as the Welsh maid-servant, Gwenny, with the dedicated heart : ". . . I *like* artists "—such timbre and feeling in her voice that Mr. J. C. Trewin remarks how "*many held Gwenny to be an Eisteddfod in herself.*" And again, who could forget "*the outraged Evans crescendo on* 'a hand-bag' ? " when she played Lady Bracknell—no, when she *was* Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*? And in her latest rôle of the Austrian Countess, Rosmarin . . . "*this Rosmarin,*" says Mr. Trewin, "*was garmented in light, a woman of infinite compassion.*" How heartening when memory can lift us to so many moments of pure joy in the past, thus suddenly confronted with a whole volume about our favourite great actress by a critic whose felicitous expression of opinion reduces our status to that of the nymph Echo. My sole criticism of Mr. Trewin must be for leaving out that breath-taking incident in Act I. of *Daphne Laureola*, when she floats across the floor where the boards are dangerously rotten, assured of her perfect safety by that deep interior knowledge which keeps her perfectly safe . . . an equilibrium symbolic of nearly all her performances.

We learn of her first as a happy child with no thought of a stage career. At the age of fifteen she was apprenticed to a milliner. Presently William Poel discovered her rare quality when he saw her play Beatrice with a company of amateur Shakespeare Players, and in that same year, 1910, cast her for Cressida.

It was after this that Edith Evans *assaulted* the stage—Mr. Trewin has again supplied us with the perfect word. We who are in luck's way to be living while she is acting may not content ourselves, however, with torrents of enthusiasm, but must try to define for our own mysterious satisfaction (even if we fail to crystallise it into a phrase) exactly "what it is" about Edith Evans.

Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth
Thrice-gifted Snevellicci came on earth,
To thrill us with her smile, her tear, her eye—

an effusion that, loosely applied to Dame Edith, omits her most unique claim to distinction. Let us therefore collect a few descriptions of her voice, caught in Mr. Trewin's net : "*Her voice can be an aubade.*" . . . "*Her voice in comedy, with its curlicues and roulades, is the voice of a dancing intellect.*" . . . "*Her voice had a mocking glint and curl.*" . . . "*Her voice glittered like the to-and-fro among the branches in a tropical forest.*" Yet he has a generosity in his very bones informing him that even dead critics need not be silent in the grave ; frequently he quotes from Herbert Farjeon :—"*if only I were Miss Evans, I would read Shakespeare out loud to myself all day long,*" and from James Agate : "*She took the eye like a drawing of Sarah by Toulouse-Lautrec.*" While from his living colleagues, we may read what Ivor Brown has written of her, and Charles Morgan and C. A. Lejeune and W. A. Darlington ; it would seem indeed that the author of this commentary possesses in his mind some secret filing process ; including what an actor once said to Dame Edith : "You don't seem to mind making a fool of yourself at rehearsal ? " and her reply : "I haven't got *time* to mind."

"*I wish it were possible to indicate*"—but Mr. Trewin always finds it possible to do far more than indicate—"*the graph of that reply, its flourish, its curves like those of Meredith's* '*white owl sweeping.*' " Yet even her genuine humility—for her superb panache is only when the footlights are on her—might admit just one adjective, if we use it literally, to describe her God-given power to enchant.

Enter Rosalind . . . and in the end—(thank you, Alan Dent)—"*the audience is made one Orlando.*"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

P for Plaintiff

(*Common or garden family quarrel*)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE RIDDLE OF SAMSON.
By Andrew Garve. (*Collins* ; 9s. 6d.)

INVITATION TO TEA.
By Monica Lang. (*Alvin Redman, Ltd.* ; 12s. 6d.)

THE BUTTERFLY-NET.
By John Lodwick. (*Heinemann* ; 12s. 6d.)

VENICE PRESERVE ME.
By John Appleby. (*Hodder and Stoughton* ; 10s. 6d.)

MARK LAMBERT'S SUPPER.
By J. I. M. Stewart. (*Michael Innes.*)
(*Gollancz* ; 10s. 6d.)

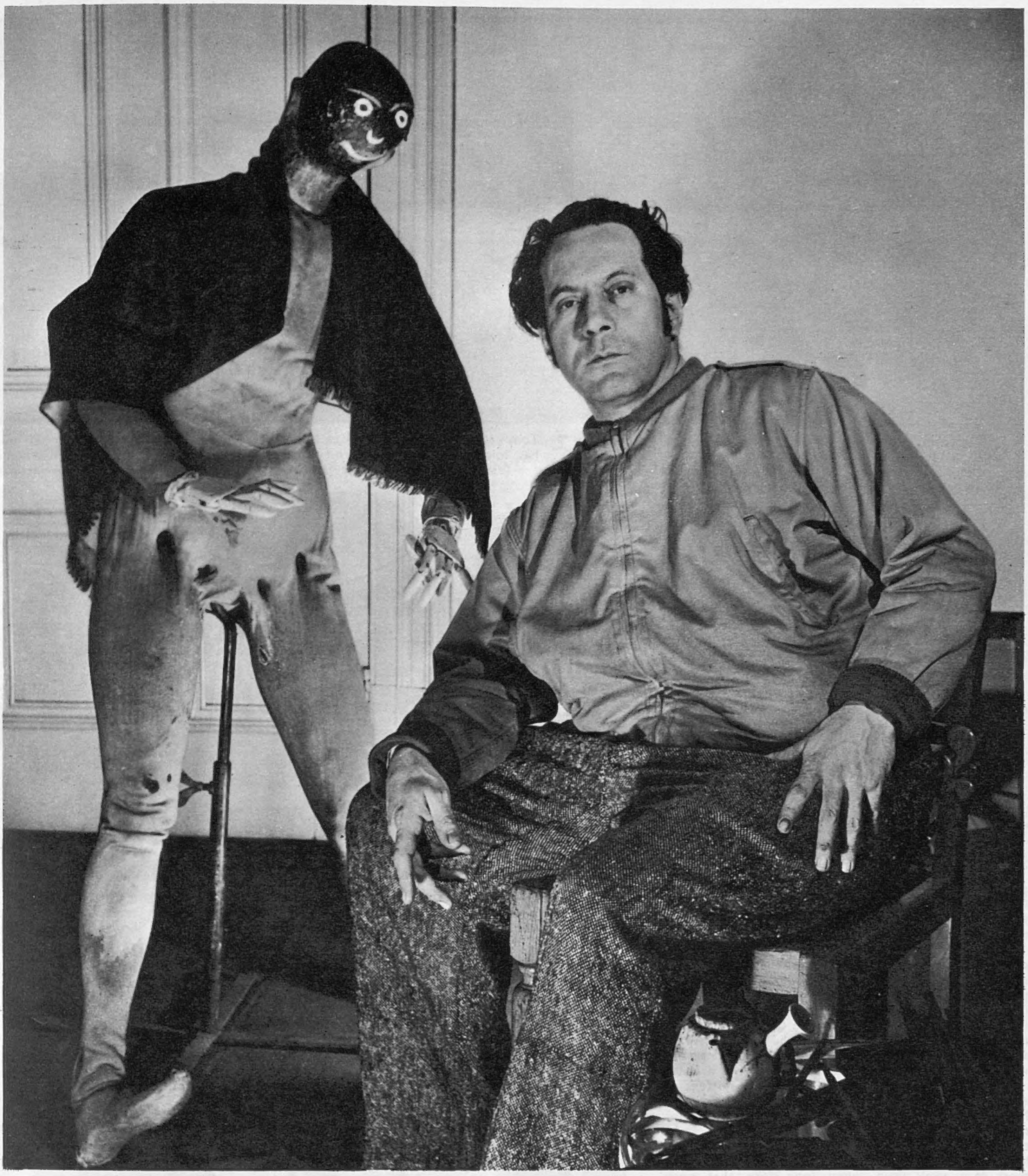
AND even as we ask "what is it" about the acting of Edith Evans, so the same wonder arises over the poems of John Betjeman. What *is* it about this *enfant de son siècle*, that rightly all our swains commend him ? For "the Betjeman idiom," a visual idiom, will surely go down to posterity, if only because as a habit once acquired, we cannot do without it—("Just hand me your Betjeman View of the Gasworks, will you ? That one over there in the north-west suburb of—ah, thanks ! ") In this new collection, too modestly entitled *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, his bubbling high spirits reveal themselves most characteristically in the Longfellow metre of that Eminent Poet visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood at Gomshall, with footnotes plausibly improvised by Mr. Betjeman himself ; and in the set of verses *How to Get On in Society* which have already achieved such wide popularity : "*Phone for the fish-knives, Norman. . . .*" I want to offer a prize for the best elucidation, as by scholars in 2054 A.D., of the *exact* meaning of these stanzas. Here is my own choice of a line most likely to puzzle them : "*Milk and then just as it comes dear.*" . . .

But nonsense represents only one angle of Mr. Betjeman's approach ; there is nothing light-hearted in the passionate pity by which he exposes the meagre lives this age has inflicted on some of its children ; in *Devonshire Street, W.1*, for instance, and in *Business Girls* (having baths in Camden Town), where every detail of our shoddy "civilization" is picked out as though by a painter of Dutch Interiors, and subtly condemned.

Passing on to our third Betjeman, a man of sentiment, perhaps it is a shame to suggest he may encourage in himself, with not a little relish, that mood of glorious nostalgia responsible for *Middlesex* and *Seaside Golf*? Nevertheless, we had more of it in his earlier collection of poems, and here more of the savage irony manifest in *The Village Inn* and *Clay and Spirit*. And that avenging angel, who inhabits Betjeman and suddenly transforms his gaiety into a crusading force, finds ultimate victory, as it were, in the religion at the heart of two of his loveliest poems : *House of Rest* and *Christmas*.

—"Well, but look here, it 's just a knack ! " Of *course* it is !—a mere trick of scribbling colloquial verse for his own entertainment . . . yet one for which the parish church of St. Katherine, Chiselhampton, must surely be giving thanks to God, as we may to John Betjeman for the hours of meticulous work which must have gone into these projections of his fair and simple gift.

Apparently simple.



Photographed by F. J. Goodman.

PIETRO ANNIGONI

NEW STUDY OF THE MAN WHO IS TO PAINT THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT

The news that the Queen has consented to sit for a portrait in oils for the Fishmongers' Company has caused a stir in the art world, for the artist commissioned is that most brilliant of Italy's sons, Pietro Annigoni. Born in Milan in 1910, Annigoni went to the Florentine Academy for three years at the age of seventeen, but owes little of his development to that period : like all the great originators, what is best in his work is what he has taught himself. Fantasy has a large part in much that he does : he is a lover of the bizarre and the macabre and in his landscapes he gives full vent to his extraordinary imagination. The studio straw dummy with which he is pictured here will be recognised by all who are familiar with his work, for he uses it constantly in the shape of those allegorical lay-figures and scarecrows which appear in so many of his landscapes. Annigoni is a romantic : no painter was ever more fired with the poetic urge in his quest after Truth. He has been likened to Breughel and Bosch, to da Messina and Ingres—and his magnificent painting of Juanita Forbes, which was shown in his recent exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries, was likened by many to the work of Leonardo da Vinci. But though minor similarities can sometimes be descried, there is no vestige of direct influence : Annigoni's interpretation is always individual, his conception always unequivocally his own. It is well to consider that he is only forty-four, and such a mind and talent as his may well evolve further in some directions, for he says to-day —as Titian said of himself in his hundredth year—"I am still learning." Already, it would be difficult to name his peer, and the Fishmongers' Company are to be commended on the wisdom of their choice : the projected portrait of Her Majesty will undoubtedly be one of the most significant of our time.

1. Margaret Ross (Brenda Bruce) and Tom Davenport (Arthur Macrae). When they can afford it, they plan to be married, but at present the Income Tax Commissioners are serving writs on Tom.

2. Tom's niece Clarissa brings back a fiancé, Edward (Richard Easton) from her hols. Edward has told her he is an accountant : this is a lie. But Tom thinks that someone with financial experience may be able to tell him how to dodge the Income Tax.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

Both Ends Meet

THE problem, when dealing in this chronicling way with a play of surprises, is to avoid giving away the plot. Arthur Macrae's comedy at the Apollo Theatre depends in part upon involvements and complications that it would be unfriendly of us to reveal. Our disinclination to do so explains any half-hints and innuendoes our readers may find in our running narrative beneath the pictures.

Broadly speaking, the play is about the problem of having money, and this is a problem, we suppose, that nobody would be entirely without. Most of the problem of having money is how to keep as much of it as possible out of the Government's clutches, and it is a dispiriting thought that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are probably using the Apollo Theatre as a training school for young inspectors, so that the wrinkles we get from Mr. Macrae will soon be useless.

The hero of *Both Ends Meet* has made the mistake of earning a great deal of money in a short time : like Mr. Macrae himself, he is the author of a successful revue. For so long he has been able to sport amid the delusive joys of easy money, and then, two years later, *Bam !* comes the hand of Government to take most of it away again, when, long since, that most has already been spent. And, as if this alone were not enough, our hero's aunt dies and *leaves* him money. There is no end to the cruelties of Fate.

Mr. Macrae himself appears in the piece with gifted, husky-voiced Miss Brenda Bruce. The two Income Tax inspectors are played plaintively by Richard Pearson and exuberantly by Richard Easton, a young Canadian actor whose work at the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, last year Alec Guinness liked well enough to encourage him to come to England : Jane Downs, another youngster, makes her first appearance after winning the Gold Medal at the R.A.D.A. matinée this year. Miles Malleson and Cyril Raymond are actors whom we are always delighted to see ; Alan Webb, though no longer a clerk, continues to be confidential. The production is by Peter Brook.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

5. The young lovers, Edward and Clarissa (Jane Downs). There is something a little touching in the affections of an expert on tax evasion.

6. Sir George Treherne (Alan Web Tom's aunt in Paris long ago, wh Service, and she had a flat of h arrival at Tom's flat coincid

9. Lord Minster and Sir George, both of them unwelcome hangovers from the past of Tom's aunt, have lingered for longer than a hangover usually does, but are trapped eventually into getting rid of themselves.

3. Jimmy (Cyril Raymond), Tom's solicitor, is brought in to think up a way of dealing with the writ. Genial, worldly-wise, he has been evading tax for years. All this is embarrassing for Edward.

4. With one problem resolved, another begins. Tom has been left £120,000 by a *mondaine* aunt. The complications of this legacy are not immediately apparent, and Tom's first thought is to buy presents.

was, it seems, a very close friend of he was a suave stripling in the Foreign own. He used to buy her hats. His with a champagne celebration.

7. Tom's legacy begins to look smaller than it was. It may be necessary for Edward to keep the family after all.

8. Enter Lord Minster (Miles Malleson), who was at one time Sir George's successful rival in love, and had to spend many hours hidden in a cupboard.

10. Mr. Wilson, a good fairy in a mackintosh (Richard Pearson), who much earlier as bad fairy, served the original writ that started the play. Mr. Wilson is usually introduced as a war-time chum.

11. Grand toast. To the *Commissioners of Inland Revenue!* All is resolved. The Government, we suppose, is financially the worse for it, but we dare say they can make up their loss by economising in paper-clips.

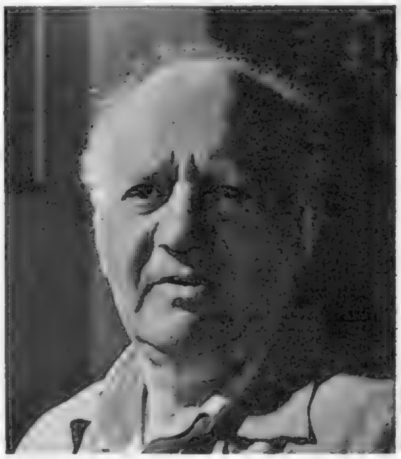
Strictly Biographical: 13.

By Louis T. Stanley

Sir Jacob Epstein, K.B.E.

THE man-in-the-street regards the very name of Jacob Epstein as synonymous with controversy. He sees him as an untamed man systematically destroying all that is traditional in art. I would say that no sculptor of the twentieth century in this country has aroused so much interest as Epstein, certainly none has stimulated such vehement discussion and opposition by his work. That in itself is unique. As Englishmen we do not habitually oppose sculpture . . . we ignore it. Epstein refuses to be ignored. But controversy alone has not made his name familiar to those who have never heard of any other contemporary sculptor. His work is such that even the most untrained are unable to see it without a definite reaction. Eccentricity alone cannot produce such a reaction. It is the test of all great art. Epstein's work imprints itself vividly on the imagination. It is disturbing. It causes the artistically lazy to readjust their values, a process that is resented, for the modern cult tends to atrophy the sense of beauty by the banal.

There is an enormous amount of confused thinking about art, but in no branch of it more than sculpture. Epstein has frequently had to suffer the criticisms of the totally incompetent. Art seems to attract vague and inconclusive writing, whilst enthusiasm is often clouded by a spate of so-called technical jargon. It is significant that there are so few sculptors to-day compared with painters. The reason is mainly economic. A painter can complete a painting within weeks, maybe days; a sculptor may take months, perhaps years, to complete a work that has involved heavy outlay in materials without any guarantee of a ready sale. A consequence of this situation is that little is known about sculpture. Critics with a more or less sound judgment in painting tend to express opinions in sculpture that are not worth reading. This ignorance is largely due to the paucity of opportunity for study. Methods of mechanical reproduction make it possible for everybody to study pictures, but photographs of sculpture are seldom satisfactory.



Epstein has driven a wedge into the art world. You either like his work or hate it. Neutrality is out of the question. A comparison between the sculpture room at the Royal Academy and an exhibition of Epstein's work brings out this point. The bronzes, plaster casts, and marbles in the former resemble motiveless echoes of other echoes virtually nullified by unfortunate juxtaposition. By comparison the dark bronzes of Epstein are disconcertingly alive with dynamic intensity and vigorous weight.

A Complete Sculptor

I DO not attempt to explain Jacob Epstein. I sweep aside the ignorant pundits whose incoherent thinking makes it impossible for them to separate decadence from vitality in art. I ignore the clever ones in whom an inferiority complex reflects itself in a readiness to repeat any cliché that might seem to belittle a great man. To me, Epstein is a sculptor in the complete sense of the word, as were the great sculptors of antiquity and the Renaissance. He knows how to tackle metal; he can hew granite, carve marble; he is a skilful workman handling a variety of materials with nimbleness and knowledge. And he possesses the tireless energy and vigour the work demands.

For these reasons I looked forward to meeting the sculptor. It was fascinating to see him in his studio, surrounded with clay, stone and marble, with finished bronzes and casts. The massive, almost completed figure of Field-Marshal Smuts, that one day will enrich Parliament Square, dominated the scene. Next to it was a huge shrouded figure that may not be finished for years. A bust of George Bernard Shaw gave the illusion of being in heroic size. A striking contrast was provided by a female bust, the embodiment of youth, with sharp shoulder blades and finely modelled neck. The floor was pale with dust from hours of carving. It was only necessary to look around to realise something of Epstein's astonishing versatility.

I find it difficult to imagine such profundity of sensitive thought and technical mastery being surpassed. Epstein takes from the metal—without doing any violence to its nature—a portrayal of character, built, in large measure, on the achievement of a subtle interplay of light and shade. Critics have said that he brings out all the worst qualities in his portraits, that he aims consciously at ugliness. That is ridiculous. No artist aims consciously at ugliness. It is questionable whether an artist aims consciously at producing beauty either. He endeavours to express the character of what he is depicting. Technical dexterity is only half the battle, but it must be remembered that Epstein is limited by the restriction of his medium. He cannot make the bronze look like flesh. The rough surface of his bronzes often upset people, but this uneven finish gives both character and likeness to the face which is never entirely round and smooth. Noting where these innumerable small planes begin and end, as well as their direction, makes the individual head. An entirely smooth surface would produce far greater distortion.

Life and Works

IT is interesting to trace how Epstein's early background affected his life and outlook. Born in 1880, of Russian-Polish parents, he grew up in New York, and it was there that the earliest formative influences made themselves felt on his art. He attended the School of Students League, and did modelling in the evening. His first work was a book dealing with Jewish types in New York. The money he made from royalties and from the sale of other drawings enabled him to go to Paris. He went as a sculptor, not a painter, and enrolled as a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. His first big commission, obtained through the recommendation of Muirhead Bone, was the sculpture for the British Medical Association buildings in the Strand. He was given fourteen months to do eighteen colossal figures. This was the first time that his work was described as dangerous and immoral. The statue representing *Maternity* came in for severe criticism, Father Bernard Vaughan being particularly virulent. "The sacred subject of maternity," he said, "has been treated a thousand times with idealistic beauty; but the Strand mother suggests merely brutal commonplace."

The Oscar Wilde Memorial at Père la Chaise, Paris, was the next difficult task, for cemetery sculpture imposes severe restrictions. Epstein worked in England on a 20-ton block of Hopton Wood stone, and conceived a vast winged figure, a messenger swiftly moving with vertical wings, giving the feeling of forward flight. Though it was purely symbolical, people tried to read into it a portrait of Oscar Wilde. This work has an extraordinarily potent appeal, but at the outset the police took offence and covered it up.

The Hudson Bird Sanctuary panel in Hyde Park likewise roused a storm of controversy, though to-day it is difficult to see what the critics saw wrong with *Rima*. The storm of abuse has died away and the strangely elusive beauty of this small panel blends perfectly in its green sanctuary. *Night and Day* likewise set the critics baying. The entire work merged easily into the horizontal courses of St. James' Park Station. They were not meant to be seen in isolation. Divorced from their context and viewed at a wrong angle, it was natural for them to appear distorted. *Night* came in for major criticism through the popular naturalistic conception that Epstein should have portrayed it by an attractive lady with a sad face and dressed in flowing black drapery. *Genesis* flooded the art world with comment. The statue, carved in a block of Seravezza marble, portrayed the symbolic truth of the eternal primeval feminine, the mother of the race. It was another facet of the same idea that prompted the earlier study of *Visitation*, though the latter had muted accents in keeping with the more intimate personal demands of the theme. A storm of protest rose from women who complained

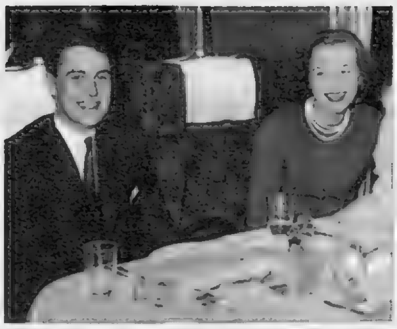
Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

that their sex had been insulted. It was tantamount to saying that art should be clad in the demure habiliments of a Mother Superior. To refuse Epstein the right to create *Genesis* in the way he did would have denied sculpture the right to exist. In elementary terms, sculpture is the form given to a thought . . . the sculptor's thought, not that of the moralist or the art-critic.

Bitter attacks were made on Epstein's statue of Christ on the grounds that it was distorted and oriental. People did not want to accept its bitter realism, for Christ is shown accusing, pointing in reproach to his wounded hands. Few sculptors have handled a religious subject more reverently or with more poignant realism. It was obvious that any attempt to intrude on the province of those artists whose innocuous work had gained the sanction of ecclesiastical authorities would be greeted with a storm of abuse from that quarter. Artists no longer depict Christ as they feel him, such as the Christ of Fra Angelico in San Marco in Florence, which shows the joyous Christ of the resurrection. What the public now expects is a conventional Christ. It is not an artist's sincere conception, but a third-hand rendering, a realistic study of a model who belongs to the late Renaissance. Epstein ignored that formula and embodied his own conception of Christ in sharp, unveiled austerity. This statue alone would be sufficient to name Epstein as one of the greatest of sculptors.

The Artist's Vision

ANY attempt to gauge the full value of Epstein's art forces us to realise how imperfect a vehicle of expression is language when it attempts to explain the significance of another art-medium. This much we can say. Epstein has introduced a new creative intelligence into sculptural vision. He is still too near to be adequately assessed. Instead I prefer to sum-up with one of his own quotations: *"I rest silent in my work"* . . . words superb in finality.



Mr. Michael Savage and Miss Stella Wood.

Miss Mary William-Powlett and Captain Robin Stormonth-Darling.

Miss Penelope Morrogh-Bernard enjoys a cocktail before dinner.

Five-Thirty Special from Euston

The coming-out dance of Miss Moya Harrison, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison, was held at their home, Wychnor Park, in Staffordshire. A special train from London, with dining and sleeping cars, served as a "mobile hotel" for eighty of the guests. After dinner had been served, everyone changed for the dance, and on the train's arrival at its destination, guests were conveyed by coaches to Wychnor Park. The dance was one of the very gayest of the season, and after it was over, coaches took guests back to the train, which remained stationary until mid-day. On the return journey, luncheon was served, and Euston reached at 2.30 p.m. An account of the dance appears in Our Social Diary (pages 94-95). On the left, peeping out from their "cabins," are Miss Priscilla Coode-Adams, Miss Sally O'Dwyer, and Miss Mary William-Powlett, with another guest in the background.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Mrs. Boyd, Lord Scarsdale, Lady Scarsdale, Mr. Lindt and Colonel Clarke.

Commander and Mrs. Fairchild, and Colonel and Mrs. George Anson.

Arriving for the dance. Rain could not damp the enthusiasm.

Miss Moya Harrison with some of her guests.

Mrs. Thomas with her husband, who is headmaster of Repton.

Miss Audrey Maude-Roxby and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock.

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were among the guests.

Guests watching the firework display—fortunately the rain had ceased.

Good Night! Juliette and Susannah Harrison, the two youngest daughters of the host and hostess.

Our Social Diary

Dance for Miss Moya Harrison

THERE is no doubt that dances held in country houses are generally much more fun, and certainly the one given by Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison for their eldest daughter Moya at their home, Wychnor Park, in Staffordshire, was an outstanding success.

An unusual and enjoyable feature for many of the guests who came from London was the special train provided by their host. This had dining and sleeping cars, and the entire journey was a masterpiece of organisation and comfort. The majority of people travelling knew one another, so that a complete house-party atmosphere prevailed. On the way down, an excellent dinner with champagne was served, and on arrival at Alrewas, where the people of the village gave us a great welcome, we were driven by coaches to Wychnor, the train being shunted into a siding for us to sleep in later. As the night was chilly, coke braziers had been placed in the floodlit grounds, their embers adding to the brightness of the scene.

Vases of lilies, delphiniums, gladioli, and other flowers formed the lovely floral decorations in the house, where Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, with Moya, welcomed their guests. Mrs. Harrison wore a diamond tiara and a black organza dress with touches of emerald green velvet, and Moya looked most attractive in a crinoline dress of white chiffon over palest pink, the ruched skirt being trimmed with narrow bands of sapphire velvet, and tiny bunches of flowers. Her sixteen-year-old sister Zara was also at the dance, and their two younger sisters, Juliette and Susannah, were deeply interested spectators for a short while from the nursery landing.

A covered awning led from the house to a blue-and-white striped marquee which had been converted into a ballroom. Here, a lovely border of shrubs and exquisite flowers that had been specially grown for the occasion, surrounded the dance floor, in the centre of which were two columns entwined with crimson rambler roses. Members of the family at the dance were Mr. Harrison's mother, who lives near by, Mr. Nicholas Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. "Nap" Andreæ with their elder daughter Ann, who came out last year, and Mr. and Mrs. John Barratt.

Among the young people were Miss Philippa Kidston-Montgomerie, Mr. John Mitchell, Miss Sally Russell, Mr. Timothy Thornton, Miss Sarah Wignall, looking very pretty in white, Captain Robin Stormonth-Darling, Miss April Brunner, and Mr. Richard Berens. Two of the prettiest girls were Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith and Miss Wendy Lloyd-Jones. Staying in the house for the dance were Miss Perella Bowden, Mr. Peter Gardiner, Miss Shelagh Bell and Mr. David Weston.

THE QUEEN is seen in the paddock on the first day of the Goodwood meeting with trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the Duke of Richmond, and the jockey, G. Lewis.

During the evening a really wonderful display of fireworks was given, including a dramatic fight between two battleships and a submarine! The display ended with an illuminated message to Moya wishing her good luck. Other guests at the dance included Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, with the latter's sister and her husband, Major and Mrs. John Chandos-Pole; Colonel and Mrs. George Anson, Lord Scarsdale and his attractive wife, who was wearing a magnificent diamond necklace with orchid-coloured dress, and Major and Mrs. Eustace Miller. Also Sir John and Lady Child, Mr. Kenneth and the Hon. Mrs. Keith, who was wearing a very pretty dress of midnight-blue lace, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Robertson, and Sir Raymond and Lady Quilter.

A delicious supper was followed later by bacon and eggs, and all too soon the dance came to an end, although it did not finish until dawn was breaking, when it was departure-time for those guests who had to rejoin the train. The train remained in a siding until eleven, when we were called with tea and the morning papers. At luncheon, which was served on the way back to London, everyone agreed that the dance and the journey were the most enjoyable and memorable of the season.

Canning House Reception

H.E. THE VENEZUELAN AMBASSADOR and Senora Rodriguez-Travieso were the guests of honour at a reception following a dinner given by the Hispanic Council and held at Canning House. Their Excellencies received the guests with Lord Davidson, President, and Lady Godber. Lady Davidson was unable to be present as there was a three-line Whip in the House. During the evening we were entertained by the delightful singing of Miss Carmen del Rio, who, accompanying herself at the piano, sang both in Spanish and in English. Among the guests were Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading,

RACING AT GOODWOOD: The four-day meeting at Goodwood proved as popular as ever, although the weather was far from perfect. *Left:* Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher. *Centre:* The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, Lady Loder and Sir Giles Loder. *Right:* Lord and Lady St. Aldwyn.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: Pictures from Dublin give us the answer to the plaintive cry of "Where has our summer gone?" Here, examining their programmes in the brilliant sunshine we 've forgotten exists, are Mrs. Bryan Fowler from Co. Meath with her daughter, Miss Sarah Walford and (*left*) London debutante, Miss Jennifer Burrows. *Right:* English visitors Mrs. Maurice Kingscote and Captain A. Smith-Bingham.

Lady Dashwood, who looked very smart in a dress of black wool lace over oyster satin, with a pink stole, Sir Frederick Godber, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Cunningham, and Sir Donald Gainer.

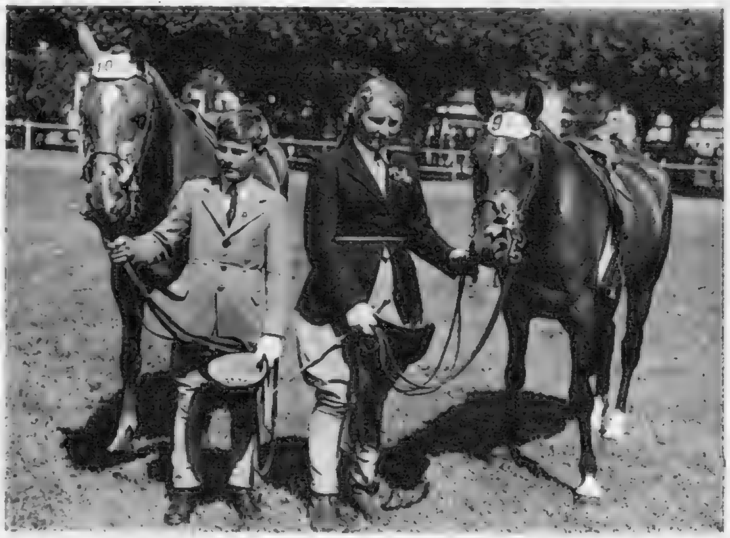
Racing at Goodwood

GOODWOOD is probably one of the most popular of all race meetings. Quite apart from the excellent racing, there is the lovely natural setting of the course, and fine weather is generally the rule. This year, however, the first two days of the meeting might well have been in late October: a tearing wind sent the hats of both sexes flying, and the temperature was well below normal. The Queen, who attended all four days of the meeting, stayed with the Duke of Edinburgh as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle. Other guests included the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, and Lord and Lady Irwin.

The chief event of the first day was the Stewards' Cup, which was won at a long price by *Ashurst Wonder*, belonging to Mr. R. Merrick, from *Moonlight Express* and *Zanzara*. Her Majesty, with the Duke of Edinburgh and other guests, including H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Earl of Scarbrough and Lord and Lady Melgund, watched the racing with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond in their private box.

Among those who took the chalets overlooking the course, and in which they entertained their friends to lunch and tea, were Major Macdonald-Buchanan, Sir Eric Ohlson, Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, and Sir Adrian Jarvis. People I saw that day included the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage, and Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Scratchley, who gave a dance that evening for their niece Miss Jane Baker, at their house near Chichester.

The second day of the meeting I had to be in London, and so missed seeing the Goodwood Stakes won by *Osborne*, belonging to Brigadier W. P. Wyatt, and the Queen's colt *Landau* win the Sussex stakes. *Landau* has been entered to run at Laurel Park, in America, on November 2nd, and if he does, will be the first racehorse to carry the Royal colours in that country. The Duke of Edinburgh left that same evening for his flight to Canada, where he is making a three-weeks tour. The Queen attended the charity ball held at Arundel Castle that night.



CHAMPION BROTHER AND SISTER: Master Rory Brown and his sister Susan, of Oldtown House, Co. Carlow, proudly exhibiting *Vashti* and *Gold of Arabia*, also brother and sister. The youngsters were judged champion and reserve champion in the children's pony class.

The following day the wind had dropped and an even greater crowd came to see the big race, the Goodwood Cup. The Queen, wearing an aquamarine shantung suit and accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk, who was in royal blue, went to the paddock before the race, in which M. Marcel Boussac's *Elpenor*, who won the Gold Cup at Ascot, was a fancied runner. But the race was won by *Blarney Stone*, belonging to Mr. Malcolm McAlpine, who after a flying start, sustained his lead all the way round. Among those I saw were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Lord Cornwallis, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Captain Derek Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd with their son Simon, and Captain Simon Weber-Brown, who is shortly off to Australia to take up his post as an A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

Dance at Halnaker

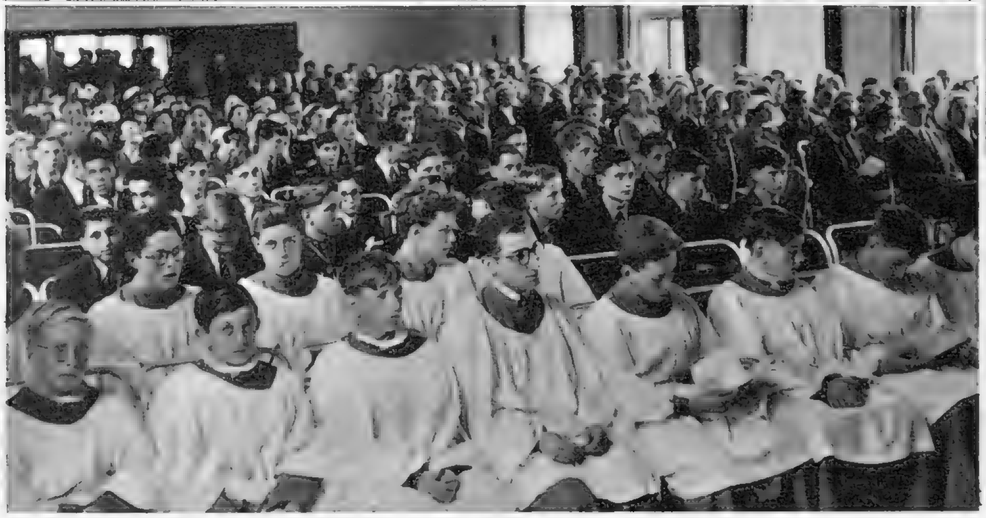
THAT evening I went to a very gay impromptu party which had only been decided on the previous evening by the joint hosts, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Mr. Billy Wallace, and Mr. Tom Egerton. Mr. and Mrs. Redmond McGrath kindly lent their house for the occasion, as this has a fine music room which can also be used for dancing. The band from the "400" came down from London, and Rossi himself was there to supervise the refreshments. Log fires blazed in all the rooms, and also in the loggia, where drinks were served. Among the guests were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Cowdray, the latter wearing a pretty, short evening dress of printed brocade, and her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall. The Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Jane Nelson, Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland and Mrs. Peter Dollar came with their husbands, all of whom had been taking part in the polo matches at Cowdray. The young daughter of Mrs. McGrath by her first marriage, Sally Bealey, and her brother Shaun, were thoroughly enjoying the evening, and other guests included the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Vincent Paravicini and his pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. Edward Underdown, looking very attractive in a cherry-coloured dress, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop with Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, with whom they were sharing a house for the Goodwood Meeting.

Last Day at Goodwood

THERE seemed to be as many people on the Friday as on all other days, and the crowd on Trundle Hill looked as dense as ever. *Prefect*, owned by Mr. Jack Olding, and trained by Noel Cannon, won the Chesterfield Stakes in an exciting race with *Durante*, second, and *Empire Honey*, third. Only five favourites won throughout the meeting, which must indeed have been a "glorious Goodwood" for the bookmakers! Lord and Lady Woolton were among the people racing that day, also Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham, who came over each day from Petworth, and Lord John Hope, who was joining his wife and family the following day at Cap Ferrat, where they are staying with his father-in-law, Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Helena

HERE AND THERE



OPENING CEREMONY AT SEAFORD COLLEGE, SUSSEX. *Above left:* Staff and distinguished guests on the platform during the singing of a hymn at the ceremony to open the new Combined Cadet Force H.Q. at Seaford College, Petworth: Mr. R. Lewis Reynish, the architect, Mr. S. E. Lovatt, Senior Master, the Rev. C. E. Johnson, Headmaster, Major-General C. F. Phillips, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, Alderman A. Johnson, the Rt. Rev. Bishop H. L. Gwyer, Sir Robert Stirling-Hamilton and the Chaplain, the Rev. O. de Blogue. *Above:* Major-General Phillips turns the silver key—later presented to him by the staff—in the lock, watched by the architect, Mr. Lewis Reynish. *Left:* Boys and guests in the Hall during the speeches.

DOUBLE SHOW AT ROEHAMPTON

July 28th was a real field day at the Roehampton Club, Putney, when the first all-Saluki dog show to be held in this country for nearly thirty years was held on the same day as the annual show of the Arab Horse Society, which always attracts tremendous interest among followers of the Sport of Kings, for all thoroughbred horses owe their quality to the famous Arab steed of ancient times, *Keheilan Adjuz*. *Left:* Miriam Coston, seven, of Carshalton, Surrey, with her mother's beautiful Salukis. *Right:* Jill Dixon, of Harpenden, keeps a tight rein on Arab-bred *Shaybet*, one of 200 magnificent horses on show.

ARCHERY AT WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD. More than 150 men and women entered for the United Kingdom Archery Championships held in the grounds of Worcester College, Oxford, by the Grand National Archery Society. Participants checking their targets are Miss Bowdler, of Malvern, Miss Ann Martin, of Sutton, and Miss J. M. Mitchell, of Reigate.

WATER-SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AT MILAN. Colette Giraud of France receives congratulatory kisses from Liselotte Feuchtinger of Austria (*left*) and Maria Doria of Switzerland, after winning the women's jumping event in the European Water-ski Championships on Milan's artificial Lake Idroscalo.

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL. The R.A.F. College at Cranwell's ceremonial Passing-out Parade of the No. 62 Entry to the College included a tree-planting ceremony, a luncheon, a tour of the college and grounds and inspection of aircraft, and was completed by the ball held in the evening. Here, Pilot Officer R. Murmann and Miss S. Jeffrey chat with the two pipers who played for the reels.

R.A.F. BALL AT BUNTINGSDALE. Guests at the Officers' Summer Ball at Buntingsdale Hall, near Market Drayton, now the H.Q. of No. 22 Group of the Royal Air Force, sitting on the stairs during dances, were : Group Captain and Mrs. H. W. Marlow, Group Captain and Mrs. G. R. Montgomery, Wing-Commander G. P. Marvin, Lieut.-Commander J. Coleman-Smith, R.N., and Mrs. Coleman-Smith, and Wing-Commander and Mrs. A. H. Blake.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

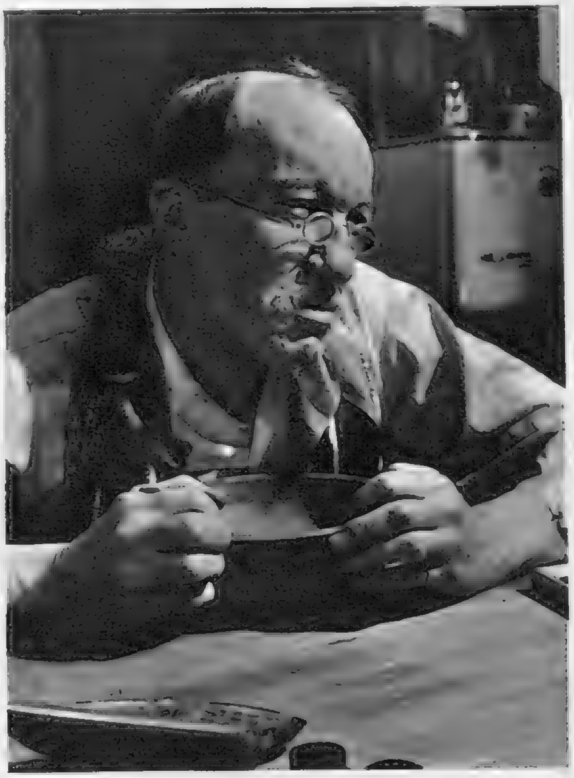
Matters of Life and Death

DEAFNESS is not funny. Stammering is not funny. Old age is certainly not funny. I make these dogmatic statements because some writers seem to toss in anything for an easy laugh ("Old boy, let him enter on crutches—it 'll put 'em all in the alley!"). At the Phœnix, Edmund Morris's *The Wooden Dish* is a most welcome left-and-right to the jaw for the "Let 's have a laugh at senility" boys. The wooden dish is a symbol of old age. Pop, in a Texan town, can no longer be trusted with ordinary dishes; he breaks them. And very soon his family—or, rather, his daughter-in-law who rules the family—intends to break *him* by sending him to a dubious Home for the Aged. This is clearly a ramshackle dump, the kind of place where one tips rubbish; and Pop's daughter-in-law has decided that the old man, who has plagued her through her married life, must be dumped and forgotten.

She has not had an easy time. Agreed. The old man must have been an almighty bore. But there is no excuse for cruelty and to send Pop away to what, for him, must be a living death, is cruelty indeed. The dramatist is with him; the audience is with him; and, fortunately for dramatist and audience, the actor is with him. The actor is Wilfrid Lawson, which means that Pop has been studied to the last rheumatic shuffle, the last smoulder in those eyes that can be pleading and obstinate — Lawson has always acted with his eyes — and the strange voice that is half-stifled; a voice that can begin as a throaty whisper, and that feels about a sentence, indicating the outline, fraying away at the edges. I found it a most poignant performance: the exciting heart of a night in which Joan Miller used that uncompromising sharpness of hers, and various other players took us well into Mr. Morris's scene. (Maybe their accents remained at some distance from the State of Texas.) As in so many other American dramas, some of the contrivance is artificial and some of the dialogue brash; but the play lives on its theme, and upon the actor's expression of it. It will be a pity indeed if London does not let *The Wooden Dish* have a chance.

ANOTHER play that swoops upon our emotions is *Murder Story* (Cambridge), in which Ludovic Kennedy attacks capital punishment with all the fervour he can command—and that says a lot. It does not, alas, say that the piece must be a good one. Mr. Kennedy, in his eagerness to be heard, overstates. In effect, by the end of the evening he is shouting at the top of his voice while we are weeping our eyes out. Does that mean that he has succeeded? For a time, yes; but a few days later we realise that our withers were wrung less vigorously than we had thought. I would have liked to have seen the material re-handled by such a writer as Galsworthy: the present play comes out as passionately sincere melodrama, with one fine performance (by the chaplain, Charles Stapley), some sound work in the condemned cell — the second act is the evening's meridian—and a first act that does not help us much because Mr. Kennedy is thinking in enthusiastic Mum-and-Dad clichés. But I admit that he can draw tears—I have not heard so much sniffing in any audience—and that, in itself, is a feat. One will look hopefully for his name on a programme.

THINGS are gayer down in St. Martin's Lane where Brian Reece finds a corpse in a grand piano. To be precise, the scene of *Meet a Body* (Duke of York's) is St. John's Wood. Up there in N.W.8 one seldom finds more than a couple of corpses in a grand piano during an average week. Mr. Reece, as a stranger, was naturally surprised. He was still more surprised, a little later, when the corpse tottered in to see him. Now when Mr. Reece is surprised, odd things happen to him. He seems to open out like a telescope, just as Alice did when she had eaten the cake. As he grows before us, we can almost hear him saying, "Good-bye, feet!" On the heights his eyelids twitch in anguish. His mouth is compressed. He performs a variety of ballet movements. And we feel, watching him, that if any more bodies get into any more pianos, in St. John's Wood or elsewhere—or if, for that matter, anybody surprises Mr. Reece again in the slightest fashion—the Duke of York's Theatre will have to get a new roof.



Houston Rogers.

SALUTE TO WILFRID LAWSON for his incredible characterisation in what will surely prove to be the outstanding dramatic performance of the year—as "Pop" Dennison in the E. P. Clift presentation of the new Edmund Morris play, *The Wooden Dish*, at the Phoenix Theatre, reviewed by J. C. Trewin on this page.

The play in which these things occur is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. In the third act a bomb will very probably explode in a radio set at the side of a bar-parlour: that of the Green Man at Newcliffe (on the South Coast, I believe). Why the bomb should explode is neither here nor there (possibly the dramatists know). The main thing is that we are kept, like Mr. Reece, on our toes. It is an athletic evening. I was most grateful to all concerned for an unpretentious affair that kept me laughing and taut at the same time (I know, I know! I 'm *sorry*!). Henry Kendall has produced swiftly; and observe William Kendall, Joy Shelton, and Lloyd Pearson (who is called Sir Gregory Upshott, and who for nearly half-an-hour looks remarkably like it).

SO far we have been concerned with matters of life-and-death. There is less violence at the Westminster, though admittedly it would do you no good to get in the way of Don Jerome's blunderbuss. Don Jerome is the heavy father, the Anthony Absolute of Seville, who is one of the most enjoyable people in Sheridan's *The Duenna*. David Bird, who acts him now, is one of my favourite comedians. He has a voice like well-peppered curry that can suddenly take on the blandness of cherry jam. And he can roar like the foghorn of The Lizard—yet without uttering a sound. At other times he will suddenly blow us all off the cliff with a thunderous outburst. I am very fond of Mr. Bird and of Don Jerome, and, if it comes to that, of *The Duenna*, with its loving and masquerading and cooing, and a lot of toping monks thrown in to complete the party. Julian Slade has written, expertly, a new score for it: honeyed sounds, or, let us say, "lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon." And Lionel Harris, the producer, must have much credit for a production—Jane Wenham and Joyce Carey have important parts—that is always inventive and never for a moment just blatant. (The late Sir Nigel Playfair might have enjoyed it.)

I WAS in Hammersmith, not the Playfair section, for *Light Fantastic* (King's Theatre), an intimate revue that seemed to be a long way off. (This is not a good plan for an intimate revue.) Still, I was delighted to discern a young actor called Philip Sherman, as he explained in mime just what can go on in a cafeteria. The rest of the production may grow nearer to us.

Finally, a play that I was not at all delighted to see: *Relations Are Best Apart* (Garrick). The title tells you something, I am sure: I have seldom wished more earnestly to find myself apart from a comedy, even though Leslie Henson—as a sturdy Grandpa—was doing all that the Hensonian technique of our most endearing goldfish-cum-turtle could do. Grandpa will not get the wooden dish; but the play has the wooden spoon.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU"

THE BLUE ROOF, KILLIN, SCOTLAND. By Terence Cuneo.
R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. (Privately owned.)

LOBSTER POTS, I
Guildhall Art Gallery until Au

Arounc
G

GYPSIES. By Augustus John.
Redfern Galleries, Cork Street, W.1, until August 31st. (150 gns.)

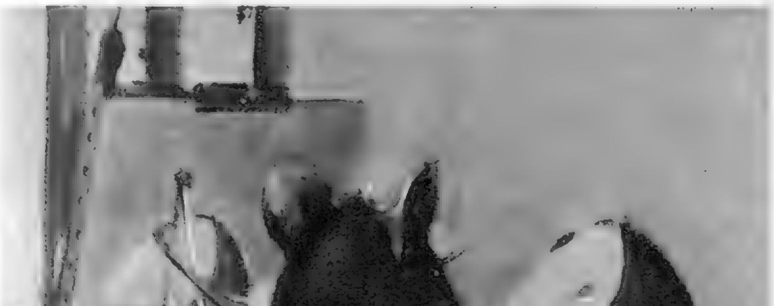
THE INDIAN WOMEN. By M. Bosanquet.
Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, until August 31st. (35 gns.)

By Tristram Hillier.
st. (Lent by W. A. Evill, Esq.)

the Art

eries

THE WHITE ROOM. By F. C. B. Cadell.
Guildhall Art Gallery until August 21st. (Lent by Mrs. M. Harrison.)



STILL LIFE. By Terence Cuneo.
R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. (Privately owned.)

GOING TO THE BALL. By Charles Dufresne.
Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1. (280 gns.)

Mr. John Mills and his wife, playwright Mary Hayley Bell, with their son Jonathan and daughter Hayley, who is a pupil at the school.

Happy threesome comparing notes after the prize-giving ceremony were Natasha Riehle, Diana Coryton and Sally Bodington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rushforth and Miss K. M. Yates get a delighted end-of-term smile from Simone Rushforth.

Right:
The school principal, Mrs. H. I. Mortimer, and her son, Father John Mortimer, with Mr. Norman Shelley and Mr. Claud Newman, who presented the prizes.

ELMHURST BALLET SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING

Sonia Taverner, this year's winner of the Silver Medal for the best dancer in the school, is leaving to take up a scholarship at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

The rain fortunately stopped long enough for the display of the school grounds. Here, senior girls in black practice a set of graceful movements which pupils perform

Attractive threesome discussing the students' display were Mrs. M. W. Biggs, Mrs. A. P. Harrigan and Mrs. M. Blackman.

Sonia Taverner with former star pupils Merle Park, now with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, and the Hon. Mrs. Luke Asquith.

Watching the ballet display were Mrs. M. Sanderson, Mrs. G. C. Franklin and Lady Fogarty, wife of Air Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty.

Left: Relaxing after the afternoon's activities, Frederique Sevier, Diane Walter and Lindsey Anderson admire Jennifer Allen's cup for "dramatic and best speaking, senior."

Three hundred smiling end-of-term faces greeted parents and guests on July 27th, prize-giving day at Elmhurst Ballet School, Camberley, and most of them took part in a delightful and amusing display of their talents. There are quite a few small boys at the school, which has sent girls like Meriel Evans—now married to the Hon. Luke Asquith—and Merle Park to Sadler's Wells, and, believe it or not, one-time pupils include Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame, and the famous test pilot "Mike" Lithgow.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

nime and ballet on the lawns in front of the marquee in
ress have just completed, for the benefit of their parents,
n their everyday work in the ballet studios.

Top to bottom: Sally Bodington, Bobette Waddington, Muriel Reymond and Jacqueline Turnbull, who performed a witty little mime-ballet of their own, watch their fellow-students' efforts from "backstage."

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Flowers and Philosophy

MY DEAR ROBERT,

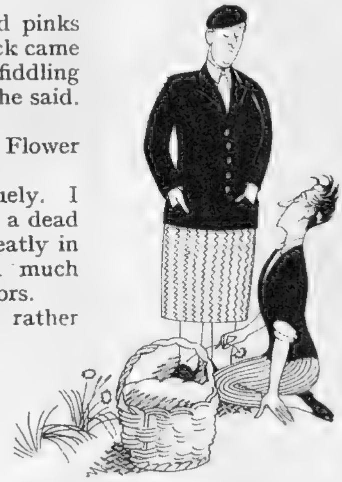
I was busy removing dead pinks from the border when Mrs. Savernack came down the Lane. "You 're always fiddling about in your garden, Henrietta," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Savernack."

"Why don't you exhibit at the Flower Show?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said vaguely. I had just discovered that if you give a dead pink a sharp pull it comes away neatly in your hand, which is quicker and much pleasanter than snipping with scissors.

"You know, Henrietta, people rather resent your superior attitude."



. . . and gazed at Mrs. Savernack in astonishment.

I sat back on my heels and gazed at Mrs. Savernack in astonishment, for if I *have* an attitude it is one of apology and dread, causing me to race down the street like a hunted hare for fear somebody stops me and is Cross. People here are often cross with me because I forget to do the things I say I 'll do, and really, when you come to think of it, who can blame them?

"You don't play Bridge," said Mrs. Savernack, who was determined to speak to me for my good.

"I play Patience, Mrs. Savernack."

"Patience! You don't even play golf."

"I can't afford it."

"Nonsense. If you spent on the golf-links what you spend on your garden——"

"Oh, but a garden is *worth* spending money on," I said, and regretted it when I saw the Look in Mrs. Savernack's eye and remembered her handicap was six.

"If you 're so keen on your garden you ought to exhibit at the Flower Show," said Mrs. Savernack, and got us back to where we started.

"I will exhibit at the Flower Show!" I cried wildly, and let myself in for weeks of worry.

Mrs. Savernack sent me the Flower Show forms, which I read carefully, and decided that if my Roses weren't over and my Ramblers and Carnations were out and my Delphiniums hadn't been battered by rain, I would enter all of them.

Directly it became known that I was now an Exhibitor I found myself admitted to a sort of gardening freemasonry which, up till then, I hadn't known existed. You 'd think that as I was going to compete against them the other Exhibitors would keep all their little tips and wrinkles to themselves, but not at all—they went out of their way to give me good advice, which only goes to show what I have always said is true—Gardeners are the Nicest Sort of People.

I did everything they told me—I put little paper hats on the Roses to stop them opening too soon, and elastic bands round the Carnations to stop them splitting, and once, during a heavy storm, I stood for half an hour holding an umbrella over my Delphiniums. But for all my love and care, when the day of the Flower Show came, my Roses were over and the Carnations, in spite of a night in the hot cupboard, were not out. The Delphiniums, however, and the Ramblers looked just right, so I picked them, selected suitable vases to put them in, and with beating heart set out for the Hall.

. . . arranging their Delphiniums.

When I arrived the first thing I saw was Mrs. Savernack, the Admiral and the Conductor arranging their Delphiniums on the platform. Each spike was quite as tall as I was and very nearly as broad, and the Admiral's were white instead of blue. I crept away and hid mine in the Ladies' Cloak-room.

But when I came back and began arranging my Ramblers in the space allotted to them it was obvious that they were much, much better than anybody else's.

"Congratulations, Henrietta," said the Admiral. "They 're the best I 've seen for a long time."

"I 'm not sure I care for those wishy-washy colours," said Mrs. Whinebite, who was engaged upon an arrangement of American Pillars hideously mixed with Dorothy Perkins.

The malignant glance she shot at me filled my cup of joy to overflowing, as they say. I glowed with pride. New Boy though I was, First Prize Rambler Roses, Class B, was practically in my pocket.

"Out of the Hall, please! Out of the Hall—the Judges are here," cried Mrs. Savernack and chased us to the door like a trusty sheepdog.

* * *

THE Flower Show opened at two-thirty. I was there on the dot and made straight for Rambler's Corner only to find mine had disappeared and Mrs. Whinebite had been awarded the first prize.

"Sorry about your Ramblers, Old Girl," said the Admiral, "but we had to disqualify them because the bowl was half an inch too high."

"Of all the damned nonsense!"

"Hoity-toity!" said Mrs. Savernack. "You should read the rules more carefully, Henrietta."

"But a quarter of an inch, Mrs. Savernack!"

"Rules are rules," said Mrs. Savernack, who sometimes manages to look like the Duke of Wellington. "You 'll find your Ramblers in the Ladies' Cloak-room with some miserable little delphiniums, somebody has hidden in there."

"Well, this is the last time I send anything to your beastly little Flower Show," I said crossly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lady B. . . .

But Lady B. was on the platform and people were saying, "Ssh."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lady B. in a loud, clear voice, for she is used to this sort of thing and takes it all in her stride, "it is my privilege and my pleasure to give away the prizes at this beautiful Flower Show which the Judges tell me is the best, and the best-arranged Show they have been to this year."

Everybody applauded and the Committee looked pleased.

"I am too old to garden now," went on Lady B., looking round at us with her lovely smile, "but I 've done a lot of it in my day, and though it undoubtedly gave me rheumatism I don 't regret a minute of it."

More applause, not because we like Lady B. having rheumatism but because we like applauding everything she says.

"Gardening teaches us many lessons," said Lady B. "It teaches us patience."

At this such a heart-felt sigh went up from all the Gardeners that the Sweet-Peas swayed on their stalks as though blown by the wind, as indeed they were.

"It also teaches us to look Forward instead of Backwards, and to accept disappointment without whining." (Here I shuffled with my feet and turned rather red.) "But most of all," said Lady B., "gardening teaches us to understand God."

"Tut-tut," said the Vicar, who doesn't believe in mixing business with pleasure.

"When a gardener cuts things down and takes things out and divides things up, he can almost hear his poor plants crying out, 'Why are you doing this to me? I was a nice plant and doing my best in the border, and now you come along with your cruel spade and dig me up and pull me apart. Look at me now—drooping—wilting—dying. What have I done to deserve it?' And if the gardener talks to his plants, and most gardeners do, he will answer, 'What I have done to you will make you better and stronger. It is all part of my Plan For The Garden which is too difficult for you to understand, but it is a Good Plan.'"

Colonel Simpkins blew his nose.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

Photographed by Gabor Denes.

SUCCESSFUL
" SWORDFISHERS "

Weather conditions were by no means good for the Brancaster Staithe Sailing Club's "Swordfish Week," from July 19th to 24th, but the dinghy owners, who came from all parts of the country to take part in the races, were undaunted. Mr. and Mrs. P. E. J. Hunt, of the Trent Valley Sailing Club, won the Points Cup for the week's racing. Here they are sailing before a strong wind during one of their successful races, with a friend aboard to add necessary extra weight, and (*inset*) at work on their boat.

"The Sketch"

PRYCE—GRIFFITHS : At Holy Trinity Church, West Hill, Wandsworth, on July 27th: Miss Sheila Griffiths to Mr. Roy Pryce. *l. to r.* : Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., bride and groom and Mr. Clement Attlee.

AMIS—COLLING : At St. Andrew's Parish Church on July 17th, Miss Jean Colling, of Emerson Park, Hornchurch, to Captain Bruce Amis, R.A.

SUTHERLAND—AMER : At the Savoy Chapel on July 24th : Miss Avril Amer, of Birmingham, to Lieutenant S. K. Sutherland, R.N. Here, bride and groom pass under an archway of swords held by the groom's brother officers.

LEVESLEY—PICKWORTH : At St. John's Church, Ranmoor, Sheffield, on July 24th : Miss Alice Pickworth, of Sheffield, to Mr. John Levesley, of Froggatt, Derbyshire.

HILL—REYNOLDS : At the Holy Apostles Church, Claverton Street, Westminster, on July 26th : Miss Ann Reynolds, to Mr. Reginald Hill, a Royal Opera House violinist.

TATTERSALL — ESSELEN : At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on July 24th : Miss Isie-Suzetli Esselen, godchild of the late Field-Marshal Smuts, to London solicitor, Mr. Patrick Tattersall.

GEIDT—MACKENZIE : At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on July 10th : Miss Diana MacKenzie, daughter of Provost Alastair MacKenzie of Stornoway, Scotland, to Mr. Mervyn Geidt, of Starcross, Devon. The bride and groom pose with the bridesmaids, Misses Carol MacKenzie, Maureen Mahony, Idris Smith, Anne Crabtree and Jean Geidt, and the little train-bearer, Susan Johns-Powell, a cousin and godchild of the bride.

CONDY—JESSOP : At the Holy Trinity Church, Northwood, on July 24th : Miss Margaret Jessop, of Tudor House, Northgate, Northwood, to Mr. Peter Condy, of "The Pines," Eastbury Avenue, Northwood.

Wedding Album

BOMFORD—SMITH : At St. Michael's Church, Broadway, Worcester, on July 22nd : Miss P. A. Smith, of Snowshill, to Mr. J. Bomford, of Springhill. The couple with bridesmaids Miss Nanette Bomford and Miss Susan Smith.

VANCE—HAWKINS : At Hampstead Register Office on July 24th : Miss Tessa Hawkins, of Capetown, to television producer Mr. Dennis Vance.

GORST—ROSSANA : At Weston Turville, Buckinghamshire, on July 23rd : Ballerina Noel Rossana to Mr. John Gorst, of Cambridge. The couple leaving the church in the bridegroom's car—a converted London taxi.

MORTON—MUNDAY : At St. James's, Spanish Place, on July 23rd : Miss Mary Munday, of Geelong, Australia, to Mr. Richard Morton, export manager of a Dagenham motor manufacturing company.

CREASY—PEARSON-ROGERS : At Westminster Abbey on July 28th : Miss Clare Pearson-Rogers, to Lieut. Robert Creasy, son of Admiral Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C. Home Fleet.

REDDIN—CARROLL : At St. John the Baptist Church, Blackrock, Dublin, on July 3rd : Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Carroll, of Dublin, to Mr. Derek T. Shiels Reddin.

PARKES—KNIGHT : At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 27th : Miss Angela Knight, to Mr. Richard Parkes, son of wealthy Dublin estate dealer, Mr. Sydney Parkes. This couple were among the lucky ones for whom the sun came out.

CUNNINGHAM—VERNEY : At Bishops Tawton Methodist Church, North Devon : Miss Catherine Verney, only daughter of Alderman and Mrs. F. W. Verney, of "Averdale," Bishops Tawton, North Devon, to Mr. Alastair Cunningham, younger son of Mr. John Cunningham, of East London. Here the couple pose with their attendants at the bride's home after the ceremony. Before her marriage, the bride was a popular nursing sister with the Union Castle Shipping Line.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Don Giovanni—Without "Juicy Bits"

IN common with the hundreds of music lovers who flock to Glyndebourne every year, I am perfectly happy to endure the rigours of this unique way of opera-going. I don't mind putting on a dinner-jacket immediately after luncheon, travelling fifty-odd miles by train or car and joining in the unseemly but elegant scramble for the restaurant. Experience has taught me that all this will be made worth-while by the magic of the performance itself.

So when the B.B.C. kindly put two tickets at my disposal for the televised performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, I was very happy. I collected a chum, donned my black tie and whisked off to Glyndebourne, in the best of spirits. Admittedly those spirits sagged a little during the seventy minutes it took for us to be served with a meal that saddened my palate and was only over-adequate in the matter of price. (Could not something be done about that restaurant—the bare floor, the unpainted walls, the unshaded lights, the harassed service and the lukewarm food ?)

"But," I told my companion, "all will be well when the show begins." And that just proves how fatal it is to predict. All was by no means well. Before the performance Antony Craxton, who was presenting the opera for television and—with Peter Ebert—was responsible for the adaptation, told me. "I'm afraid I've cut out most of the juicy bits." By heaven, he had! He had cut out, among other things, three of the most important arias in the opera: Giovanni's famous Serenade, *Batti, Batti*, and *Dalla Sua Pace*, one of the most lovely songs Mozart ever wrote. The result was an average of one aria apiece for the principals, interspersed with endless *recitative* jabbering to the accompaniment of the continuo—not my favourite instrument. It was a *Don Giovanni* desiccated almost out of recognition.

The excuse was that the opera had to be cut to ninety minutes' playing time. Why ? The bracketing programmes, *Sportsview* and *Down You Go*, could scarcely be described as indispensable, and, as the Glyndebourne broadcast only happens once a year, surely the cultured viewer could expect to hear the opera in full ?

Another excuse for this adaptation, which almost amounted to Vandalism, was that the intention was to concentrate on the story. If that was an attempt to reconcile the Philistine to opera, then it was a fiasco. I cannot believe, despite Alvar Lidell's persuasive commentary, that he made head or tail of the idiotic story, or appreciated the finer subtleties of the Italian *libretto*! My bet is that he would have liked to hear more of the lovely music.

Under these conditions it cannot be surprising that the performance fell somewhat short of Glyndebourne perfection. The players seemed ill at ease (no doubt trying to remember the cuts) and John Piper's *décor*, designed for the stage, did not take too kindly to television. However, there was some beautiful singing from Sena Jurinac (Donna Elvira), James Pease (Don Giovanni), and Benno Kusche (Leporello).

WITHOUT wishing to be crusty, I must say there was precious little to delight my viewing during the past fortnight. I enjoyed the extract from *White Horse Inn on Ice*, for I can never have enough of Belita or Max Wall, but that was not a Lime Grove emanation. My enthusiasm was short-lived, for Sam Wanamaker's solo effort in Chekhov's sketch *A Tragedian in Spite of Himself*, left me acutely uncomfortable. I got the feeling that I was being given a most expert lesson in histrionics and shown the workings of every conceivable trick of acting. But of human emotion I found none.

"MRS. DALE'S DAUGHTER": When Miss Virginia Hewett, "Gwen Dale" in the B.B.C. serial "Mrs. Dale's Diary," was married to Lieutenant Michael Charles, R.N., at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, W.1, on July 29th, all the "Dale" family were present. Toasting the happy couple here, are Miss Thelma Hughes ("Sally"), Mr. Archie Campbell, the producer, and Mr. Derek Hart ("Bob").

I found none in Shaw's *Misalliance* either—but then (with the exception of *St. Joan*) he was more of a verbose pamphleteer than a dramatist. This is a rarely done play and, watching it the other night, one could see why. Not even Douglas Allen's adroit production could bring those cardboard chatterboxes to life.

The only reason I continued to watch *Give Them A Ring*, by Roland and Michael Pertwee, was that I was stunned by the archaic silliness of this farce of smuggling and general skulduggery in high offices.

Viewers who saw *Limelight*, "a review and preview of events in the world of entertainment," must have wondered if television had taken a huge leap back to the early days. It was appallingly static and old-fashioned. No doubt copyright restrictions forbade the singing of numbers from past shows with action and costume, but surely there was no reason for people to sit around quite as much as they did. Coming from someone as experienced as Henry Caldwell, I must say this programme was a nasty shock.

But I enjoyed every minute of Eric Robinson's latest *Music For You*. With the eradication of an earlier tendency to "play down," this programme has steadily improved with each edition and I congratulate Mr. Robinson on his happy knack of presenting good music popularly yet with taste and intelligence. He also has a knack of persuading lovely ladies who sing like angels to appear in his programme. Graziella Sciutti (recently at Glyndebourne) gave me quite the greatest musical thrill I've had for a long time.

FOR your diary. To-night, *The Shadow of the Glen*, by J. M. Synge. This is one of the classics of the Dublin Abbey Theatre and its goings-on can only be described as very Irish.

August 15th and 19th bring *Return to the River*, the last of the plays in Iain MacCormick's cycle *The Promised Years*. Viewers will become re-acquainted with some of the characters they met in the first play, *The Liberators*, but whether the reunion will be a happy one is open to doubt.

Stage by Stage is a monumental series of programmes which over a long period will trace the history of the British theatre. There will be an introductory programme on August 16th by Hal Burton, the producer.

Leaving plays, before I run out of space, do please make a note of August 19th, 20th and 22nd. For on those three evenings there will be a wonderful opportunity to see one of the great treasures of our country: Chatsworth House.

But We Keep on Our Hat for . . .

The Bristol Education Committee: For Refusing Permission to a Girl Who has Studied Dancing for Nine Years to Appear in a West End Musical.

When the parents of Carole Giles, of Knowle, applied for permission for her to appear in "The King And I," it was refused by the Committee. Carole, who is twelve this month, has been studying dancing since she was three years old. Quoth Alderman Williams: "We have discouraged this precocity and these fanciful careers which some parents have mapped out for their youngsters."

Well, Really!

GAIL WARNYNG : For taking England's heavy weather gaily. (Ouch !)

No trough of low pressure for bright and breezy Gail Warnyng, pretty actress and singer back here after "blowing" her savings on a month's trip to America. She hopes the name she has given herself will bring her luck. If not ? If not, she will waft back to the sunny States.

ROBIN GAMMON : For taking as good as he can give.

Robin Gammon, of Marleys Heath Road, Petersfield, has holed in one at the tender age of eleven. Unlike most of us, Robin can take advice—his own. Here are his words of wisdom to would-be holers-in-one : "See where the wind lies. Keep your head down—and hope for the best."

NORMAN HUDIS : For a clever piece of "two-timing."

"This boy," as the saying goes, "wants watching." A newcomer to playwriting, his first play, *Here Is The News*, opened at Westport, Connecticut, on August 1st ; his second, *The Powder Magazine*, opens at Hythe's Under-Thirty Group Theatre on August 16th. Good luck, Norman !

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MICHELE SYMONDS : For "coming home with the milk" in a newer, brighter way.

Michele Symonds is a dancer at the Cabaret Club, and although we don't know for certain, we fancy she REALLY wears something warmer when she goes home, whatever the hour—but we wouldn't mind that early-morning rattle if our milkman looked like that !

STEPHEN BENTLEY : For a fine display of poise and balance.

Bonny Baby Bentley was so happy when he won first prize at the Kingston Baby Show, he could have stood on his head. Well, he *couldn't* actually—so he stood his nice, shiny silver cup up there instead.

JENNIFER MERCER : For carrying the most entrancing "coals" to "Newcastle-en-France."

Off to Paris to show show-girls (French style) that show-girls (English style) can show them a thing or two, is twenty-one-years-old Jennifer Mercer. Look out, Paris—there are eighteen more like her, going along to help her prove her theory !

Mr. A. B. Whitelegge leaving the starting-point at Sidcup in his 3½-litre Bentley tourer, in which he carried three passengers throughout the Rally.

Competitors lining-up at Dover car ferry terminal to board the *Lord Warden* for Boulogne, whence they drove overnight to Vichy, their first official halt.

The London-Languedoc-Sète Car Rally

THE G.B. CAR CLUB'S second London-Languedoc-Sète motoring rally from July 9th to 18th was even more popular and successful than the first, held last year. Cars crossed the Channel from Dover and reached Vichy, the first scheduled stop, after driving all night. There, rally members were most hospitably welcomed by the Country Club and were later entertained at the theatre by a special performance of *No, No, Nanette* !

The following day, the rally drove on through the mountainous terrain of Central France to Albi, where an organ recital in the fine old cathedral had been arranged for the competitors, followed by a dance at the local Olympia. Next day the course led through Ax-les-Thermes to the Pyrenees and up over the 7500-ft.-high pass which drops down the other side into the valleys of Andorra—bathed in sunshine on this occasion, despite the clouds that lay gloomily over the mountain-tops. Again a great welcome awaited the rally, with a *vin d'honneur* in the ancient Parliament House, followed by dancing in a brand-new night-club completed only that day. Then on to Sète, with its miles of sun-bathed shore and its quaint canals and fishing harbour.

There, during the next few days, tests were held of regular driving and parking ability, and these and other tests enabled winners to be found for the excellent monetary prizes provided by the Municipality of Sète, and the many delightful prizes "in kind"—including, to the delight of the ladies, wonderful bottles of fine perfumes—contributed by many local interests. Festivities at Sète included a dinner by candlelight in the cellars of Noilly Prat and a vermouth-tasting in the "*chais*" of the house of Déjean, which next year celebrates its centenary.

An expedition to Lamalou-les-Bains by way of Pézenas, where a fascinating local folk-dancing display was held, was made to elect one of the lady participants as "Miss Rally": the winner was Miss L. D. James, who had gone through in an Austin-Healey with Mr. J. C. W. Goldthorp.

On the eve of the stay at Sète, a Concours d'Elégance was held at the Chateau d'Eau and everyone turned out for the gala performance that night, when the town was gay with illuminations and a general air of festivity. Rally trophies, including the Challenge Cup presented by "THE SKETCH" for the best and most sporting performance, irrespective of class, were presented on this final night. If rally members can be believed, the numbers will have grown considerably by next year—they all assert they will be "coming back and bringing our friends!"

Right:
Mr. Keith Hale with "The Sketch" Challenge Trophy which he won with his M.G. Saloon, *Mignon*. Mr. Hale is Secretary of the S.E. Centre of the M.G. Car Club, and has won the Welsh motoring rally four years in succession.

Mr. W. E. Homer in his Triumph roadster negotiating one of the numerous hairpin bends in the mountain pass 7500 ft. up in the Pyrenees above the Andorra valleys.

Cars lined up beneath the lighthouse on the quay at Sète to be examined by "scrutineers," who checked condition at the finish of the road section of the Rally.

Officials at the braking test point check on time and distance travelled after crossing the line.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Whitley with their Ford *Zodiac.* They won second prize in the over-2½-litre engine class.

Mr. P. Rawlin, winner of Class C in the Concours d'Elégance, with his family. The car is a Sunbeam-Talbot "90" saloon.

In Andorra-la-Vella, some of the competitors—headed by Mr. L. G. Oram with his M.G. *Midget*—line-up preparatory to the morning departure.

Nearing the finish: Mr. G. J. Mills about to start on the braking test in his Austin A 40 coupé. Mr. Bourne in a Healey is seen completing his test.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Two Men in Black Hats

THE RETURN OF DON CAMILLO
(Rialto)

IF the Italian author Giovanni Guareschi had not been obliging enough to write a sequel to his *Little World of Don Camillo*, it 's a sure thing that someone in the film industry would have done it for him.

The wonderful cross-partnership between France's Fernandel as the priest militant, and Italy's Gino Cervi as the Communist mayor of a small Italian village was far too good to end with a single picture. There had to be further encounters in their friendly feud. They had to meet again, and argue again, and trick each other all over again. And, of course, Julien Duvivier, who directed the first match, would have to referee the second.

The Return of Don Camillo is mainly adapted from Guareschi's *Don Camillo and the Prodigal Son*, although there are incidents in it from the earlier book. The new story starts where the old one left off. Don Camillo, with his bundles and his birdcage, is discovered nodding in the little train that is taking him away from his beloved village into mountain exile. Peppone, the mayor, is master of the village, but his triumph proves a short-lived and a bitter one. Without Don Camillo, everything goes wrong. Old men refuse to die, young folk refuse to marry, children refuse to obey, and neighbours to co-operate, without the force of Don Camillo's fist and the comfort of his authority. There is nothing for it but to bring him back, so the mayor, who has missed him more than anybody, persuades the bishop to do so. And then the arguments, the subterfuges, and the rare agreements between these two strong village characters begin all over again.

Although not quite as distinguished as its predecessor, *The Return of Don Camillo* is a very happy piece of work indeed, beautifully balanced between humour and tenderness, and perfectly performed by Fernandel and Cervi. It has no plot to speak of, and must really be regarded as a collection of film short stories, lightly connected by character and circumstance. Some stories, of course, are better than others, and to my mind the most charming of the lot concerns Don Camillo's excursion to the country with the mayor's schoolboy son on a spring holiday afternoon.

THE FAR COUNTRY
(Odeon, Leicester Square)

Westerns, whether they take place in Texas or Alaska, are probably the most reliable and consistently well-made of all Hollywood films; and *The Far Country*, although just short of classic standard, turns out to be a strong, competent example of the species.

Strictly speaking, it is a Northern rather than a Western. The period is 1896, when the great gold rush to the Klondike suddenly poured thousands of tough, hard-living men into a vast territory hitherto patrolled by a single mounted policeman. The prospectors have to be fed in bleak country where bears provide the only meat, so a rancher (James Stewart) undertakes to transport his cattle herd from Wyoming to Dawson, near the Arctic Circle.

His journey is enlivened by a sinuous brunette (Ruth Roman), who spins the roulette wheel in her own saloon; and an artless blonde (Corinne Calvet), whose odd line is panning gold-dust from the saloon floor (she has the sawdust concession) so that her father can go and practise as a stomach specialist in Vienna.

Mr. Stewart is tough and self-reliant, always " ' a-hankerin ' for the far country." But in the course of driving his herd across ice-bound trails, dodging avalanches, having his wounds dressed by Miss Calvet and his life saved by Miss Roman, and shooting it out with a splendid villain in a black top-hat, he learns that it 's nice for people to help each other, and that living in one place may not be so bad after all.

THE CAINE MUTINY: Herman Wouk's novel became a successful Broadway play, and has now been made into a film, which will have its London *première* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, to-morrow (August 12th). It stars Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray. Our picture shows Meatball (Lee Marvin) and Lieut.-Commander Challee (E. G. Marchall) in a scene from the court-martial in which the drama of the mutiny is pieced together.

The action of *The Far Country* moves briskly, the dialogue is terse, and there are backgrounds of magnificent mountain scenery, with great icy sweeps of steel-grey sky, and the tenderness of green young trees breaking through the snow in spring.

RENDEZVOUS DE JUILLET
(Berkeley)

Jacques Becker, who gave us the grimly moving *Casque d'Or* and that delightful bit of froth called *Edouard et Caroline*, is a director whose work it never does to dismiss lightly. The present film was made four or five years ago, immediately after *Antoine et Antoinette*, and it is conceivable that its effect of fidgety incoherence is largely due to the passage of time and drastic cutting. But somehow I doubt if M. Becker can ever quite have made his point, even in the first instance. Unless, of course, an effect of fidgety incoherence was the point he intended to make.

Rendezvous de Juillet is an episodic study of a group of boys and girls in post-war Paris, who enjoy the ecstasies and agonies of youth the world over; who drive in fast cars, jive to noisy music, are restless, emotional, credulous, over-tensed, and quite determined to get more out of life than their solid, bourgeois parents. For some of them, during one month of July, their dreams come true.

The pattern of the film is a sprawling criss-cross of young desires, and there are moments when M. Becker does catch the true feeling of youth's exhilaration or frustration. But the pattern seems oddly incomplete. *Rendezvous de Juillet* suggests a sample of a corner of a far larger design.

The persons of the drama are types, rather than individuals. Only Daniel Gelin, as the would-be explorer, starts out of the crowd of characters as a youth with a personality of his own. The two girls are played by Brigitte Auber and Nicole Courcel. We are shown snippets of their work on the stage. One of them is supposed to be acting well, the other not; but for the life of me I couldn't tell you which was which.

THEM
(London Pavilion)

A great gobbet of science fiction, pretty hard to swallow, about a menace to mankind in the shape of huge cannibal ants, standing eight feet in their socks and upwards. "A fantastic mutation resulting from radiation from the first atomic bomb," the scientists conjecture. Leading scientists are Dr. Edmund Gwenn and his crisply competent daughter Dr. Joan Weldon. The cast swarms with State Troopers as well as giant ants. The film starts in the arid wastes of the Mojave Desert, ends with a fine splash in the sewers beneath Los Angeles.

SUSAN SLEPT HERE
(Gaumont)

A bebop comedy attempt to do something mildly daring, but also kitten-innocent, along the lines of *The Moon is Blue*. A Hollywood scriptwriter (Dick Powell), in search of material for a " serious " story, puts up a juvenile delinquent (Debbie Reynolds) over Christmas. The blonde socialite (Anne Francis) who intends to marry him takes a dim view of his research methods. The outcome of the film is never in doubt for a moment. Such merit as it has, lies in Miss Reynolds' freshness. She seems to be a nice girl, and her wide, grey-green eyes are charming. I didn't find anything else to like in the picture. As an example of Hollywood vulgarity, it struck me as ranking high.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

From Dublin's Fair City

Dublin has now become a centre of fashion, and a new designer to bring the American buyers to Ireland is *Irene Gilbert*, who makes elegant and wearable clothes. She uses Irish lace, French silks, and bawneen and tweed from Ireland with skill and understanding. Here a tweed two-piece dress, the top of which can be exchanged for a silk blouse, is worn under a tweed jacket, moleskin lined. Hat by Moriot.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

North of the Tweed

WHETHER in August you go to Scotland or to any other part of the country, the call is for tweeds, and now that tweed has become the fashionable fabric, we can pass from town to country with an interchangeable wardrobe. There are, naturally, tweeds for rough country, tweeds for the more sophisticated country and tweeds for town, but the selection to choose from is wide, and the country suit or coat is something that is still one of our best products, and also something in which the British woman looks her very best.

Above : For rough country, a coat in rich brown Scottish tweed with a detachable belt, lined with brown and beige checked tweed, and worn with a matching straight tweed skirt, ideal for golf, walking or shooting. The coat and the skirt, by Country Life, are available at Daly's, Glasgow ; and Harvey Nichols, London ; the coat, costing about 28 gns., the skirt 6½ gns. Cashmere sweater by Munro. Beret by Kangol.

Right : A tweed suit that is more sophisticated in cut and mood, in shades of brown, with a beautifully moulded jacket, jutting pockets, and straight skirt. Designed by Charles Creed for Rima, and available at McDonalds of Glasgow ; and Harvey Nichols, London ; price about 33 gns. The snuff-brown melusine hat, by Hugh Beresford, is a " Town and Country " model.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

A beautiful suit for days in town, in black-and-white tweed, with a Persian lamb collar. The skirt is straight, the jacket double-breasted and loose-waisted with curved shoulders and flapped breast pockets. By Travella, price about 22½ gns., from Jenners, Edinburgh; and Marshall and Snelgrove, London. The blue-and-black hat is by Hugh Beresford.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Rubberised tweed for a cheerful and serviceable raincoat that buttons through with an adaptable collar and deep patch pockets. Ideal for country wear, it has a matching pull-on hat. By Telemac, price 5 gns.; from Binns, Edinburgh; Clydesdale Rubber Co., Glasgow; Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham; and Derry and Toms, London.

Fashion news for Scottish readers is the Fashion Show that will be held at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, during the Scottish Industries Exhibition from September 2nd-18th. All the fabrics will be Scottish and many Scottish fashion firms will be showing models with members of the London Model House Group, Norman Hartnell, Edward Rayne, Deanfield Furs, and others.

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OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Beauty News

THE FACE POWDER THAT IS DIFFERENT. A powder that is new and different, because it is so natural, so fine and so soft, clinging and unclogging, is *Elizabeth Arden's* "Ardena Invisible Veil." It is made in seven shades, delicately scented. In boxes, 22s. 6d. In solid, compact form, 12s. 9d.

INDELIBLE LIPSTICK. *Cyclax* have produced a new lipstick, "Colour Cling," which will remain unfading throughout the longest, most tiring day. In six shades, creamy and clear, in an attractive gilt case, price 12s. 6d.

BEAUTY OVERNIGHT. A rich, penetrating night cream that will revive and enrich any type of skin, working overnight invisibly, without leaving tell-tale greasy traces on the pillow, is "Waking Beauty," a new preparation by *Revlon*. This secret and swift way to skin beauty costs 27s. 6d.

BEAUTY FOR THE YOUNG. Specially for the young, to combat the skin problems that go with youth, the "Pink Quartet" has been devised by *Helena Rubinstein*. The quartet consists of a softly-penetrating "Deep Cleanser," 6s. 9d.; an all-purpose "Skin Clearing Cream," 5s. 3d.; frictioning "Beauty Washing Grains," 4s. 6d.; and soothing "Medicated Cream," 5s. 3d. Teen-agers should be given these useful preparations and encouraged to use them.

WELCOME RETURN. Making a long-overdue and very welcome return to this country are the range of *Harriet Hubbard-Ayer* beauty preparations, which are being sold by Selfridges. Many of us remember with pleasure from pre-war days "Strawberry Cream," 15s. 9d.; "Strawberry Lotion," 13s. 6d.; "Luxuria," 16s. 3d. and 9s. 10d.; and the delightful Face Powder, 11s. 3d. Try "Cleanse Ayer," 14s. 3d.; "Ayer Film," 13s. 6d.; "Ayerfast Lipstick," 15s. 9d., refill 15s. 9d.; and "Apple Eye Cream," 9s.; or any of the extensive new range.

GOLDEN TAN. Seldom can the sun have been so elusive as during these past grey summer months. To give cheer by presenting a glowing but spurious tan to the world; to avoid the naked white look when the sun does shine; or to even up a natural tan, we recommend *Guerlain's* "Teint Doré," a liquid sun-tan make-up, which does look genuinely acquired: the cost is 10s. 6d.

Sun-glasses with a detachable necklace to prevent loss while sun-bathing. From Stanley Unger, Upper Berkeley Street.

BEAUTY IN THE BATH. A new range of bath-time luxuries, with a light, provocative perfume, has been launched by *Innoxa*. The series of "Paris Mist," attractively packaged in misty-blue and silver, are Skin Perfume, 7s. 6d.; Talcum Powder, 4s. 6d.; soap, 1s. 11d.

CRYSTALLISED COLOGNES. Fragrances in crystallised form are increasing in popularity, as they are so easy to carry around in a handbag. *Yardley* have added to their well-known "Crystallised Lavender," 6s. 11d.; the Crystallised Colognes of "Bond Street," 7s. 6d.; "Orchis," 7s. 6d.; and "Freesia," 6s. 11d.

INVISIBLE HAIR-NET. To control the hair all through the day, even though the most violent sea-breezes may be blowing, is a problem that can be solved by the invisible hair-net of *Steiner's* "Lacquer Sheen," available in a plastic spray bottle, price 7s. 9d.

A NEW BEAUTY RANGE. A new beauty range is now on the market in this country, attractively presented in shades of pink and gold. These *Richard Hudnut* beauty products include, among many others, a tinted liquid foundation, "Flatter-Glo," 6s.; a complete compact make-up, foundation and powder in one, "Flatter Face," 9s. 6d., refills, 4s. 9d.; "Bloom," a new kind of rouge, one colour for everyone, 6s. 9d.; and "Crème Superbe," a vitaminised, nutritive cream, 9s.

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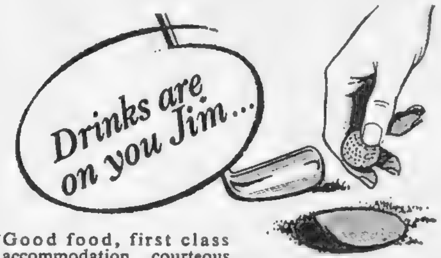

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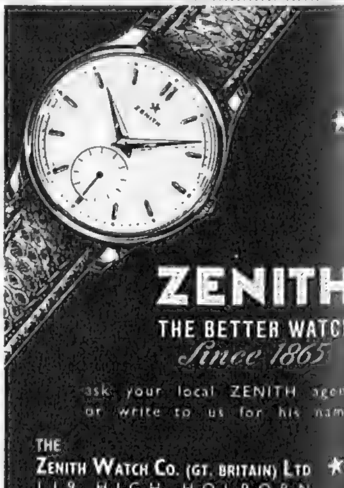

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Ford Prefect

THE Ford *Prefect* is one of those cars that is from conception destined for stardom. Some thousand miles of business and pleasure motoring which I recently enjoyed in the *Prefect* have confirmed this for me. It has the same basic design as the *Anglia*, introduced at the same time, but it has four doors and more chrome about the exterior fittings. Incidentally, it weighs some ½ cwt. more.

The body is spacious, and there is a surprising "big car" feel about the interior. The adjustable front seats are very comfortable; the rear seat is luxurious for two and ample for three. All the door windows wind up or down and all-round visibility is really first rate, which to my mind is a safety factor as well as a pleasure. The instruments are grouped together and provide an ample coverage of information easily readable through the two-spoked steering wheel.

For the man or woman who likes to carry all manner of bits and pieces, the shelf below the facia is quite remarkable. Full width and very deep, it is a joy. One would do a lot of shopping before filling it! And there is another shelf behind the rear seat, made for carrying all sorts of personal belongings. When on a long tour, as I was, these amenities are invaluable. My papers, books, typewriter and all the rest just tucked away without any bother, and left the floor and seats clear for occasional full loads of passengers. Nor am I forgetting the boot, which is spacious enough for the luggage of a full complement of passengers on holiday. As a load carrier this *Prefect* is admirable indeed.

Out on the road, there is available a surprising performance. Speedometer readings well over the 70 mark are easily obtained, and a cruising speed around the 60 is comfortable and easy. In fact, some of the averages I put up would not have disgraced a sports car, and I assure you that I did not overwork this little car, nor take risks or chances with the traffic, for the steering and roadholding lend themselves to good averages. They show the relationship of the *Prefect* to the larger *Consul* and *Zephyr*, and make the Ford range just about the best I know for these qualities.

The four-cylinder side-valve engine certainly does produce its power without fuss; and with economy too. I claim no exact figure for petrol consumption, but merely report that twice I over-estimated the amount needed to fill up to the brim in anticipation of a long run at night! Even taking in hard driving at highest possible speeds, the results must be nearer 40 m.p.g. than 35, which I regard as very good indeed.

You may think I have fallen for this car. Well, I have. It seems to me to offer a very great deal for a very modest sum. At £395 plus the inevitable and accursèd purchase tax, it presents excellent value for money.

SO now I have tried all the new Ford range, and I have had little complaint, beyond a rather academic argument about tyre sizes. There are two additional factors that I have not mentioned before, but which deserve comment. First, in buying a new car I consider it important to bear in mind the re-sale value in a few years' time. And these Fords will undoubtedly maintain their price well. Secondly, the immediate availability of Ford spares and Ford-trained garage men is of great value, there being mighty few places where they cannot be obtained.

I may add that in the course of this tour with the *Prefect*, during which I visited several places with some measure of publicity owing to my other activities, I frequently found a small crowd of interested people studying the car.

CURRENT TOPICS

Mnemonics

I SEE that a London borough's Road Safety people have invented some new words which the motorist or motor-cyclist is to mutter to himself as he starts his machine. The words are made up of the initial letters of things to remember, and they include brakes, fuel, and so forth. This is all very well, but they leave out water for the motorist and mirror for the motor-cyclist. The importance of water is obvious, and surely a driving mirror is as vital to a motor-cycle as to a car.

Just why motor-cycles and pedal cycles are not, it seems, expected to carry mirrors, and to use them, I have never been able to work out. Are the riders to turn their heads to see what is behind? Is that not more difficult on a two-wheel machine that requires balance than in a car? It all seems very odd to me; the driving mirror is such a vital factor in good car driving.

Picnic Parking

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, when speaking as President of the A.A., appealed to motorists not to picnic with their cars parked on the road. For the life of me I just cannot understand how people can stop on the highway, where the road is only two or three cars wide, and sit there having their lunches or teas and solemnly watch the traffic struggling past. They munch and gaze and it never seems to enter their heads that they are causing a lot of bother to other people and possible danger, too. Almost always there is a place nearby where they could have at least got the near-side wheels well off the road, and often a gateway or pull-in not far away. Extreme cases even park on bends or where there is a solid white line down the road!

Well, I've been so exasperated about this that I have now started to stop, and, as politely as possible, point out their error to the guilty parties. So far I've not had a bad reception although one or two seemed to think I was mad. Anyway, I would welcome a few assistants.

Caravans

THE A.A. have just issued a little booklet which lists the caravan and camp sites they have approved in Great Britain. It also includes the addresses of the farmhouse type of accommodation which is often popular with touring motorists. It is a most handy little book for members, as it also contains maps on the scale of ten miles to the inch, with caravan and camp sites and farmhouse accommodation clearly indicated.

Talking of caravans, I was recently overtaken by a Jaguar XK120 towing a caravan at something in the region of 75 miles an hour. A rather alarming experience!

Mind you, I think I prefer it to the car and caravan which stick to the limit of 30 m.p.h. and provide an obstacle I cannot pass for mile after mile. I have come across this several times with an increasing stream of cars behind. I can only assume that the driver never looks in his mirror or that, if he does, he has no thoughts for other road users. It would delay him little if, every few miles, he were to choose a straight piece of road to check to dead slow and wave the whole angry procession on. May I suggest to the Caravan Club that they ask members to give it a trial?

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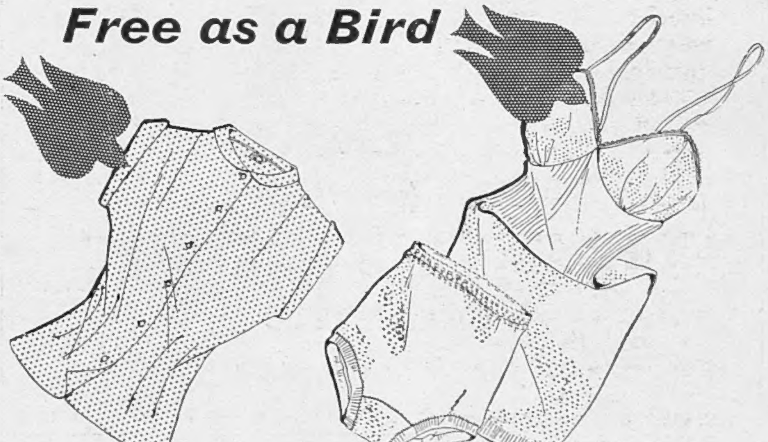

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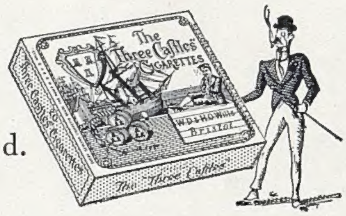

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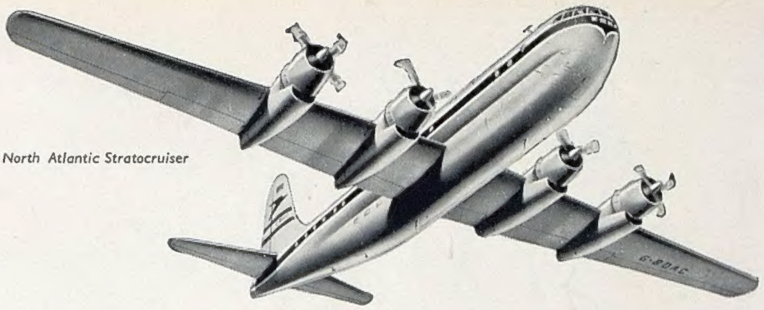

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